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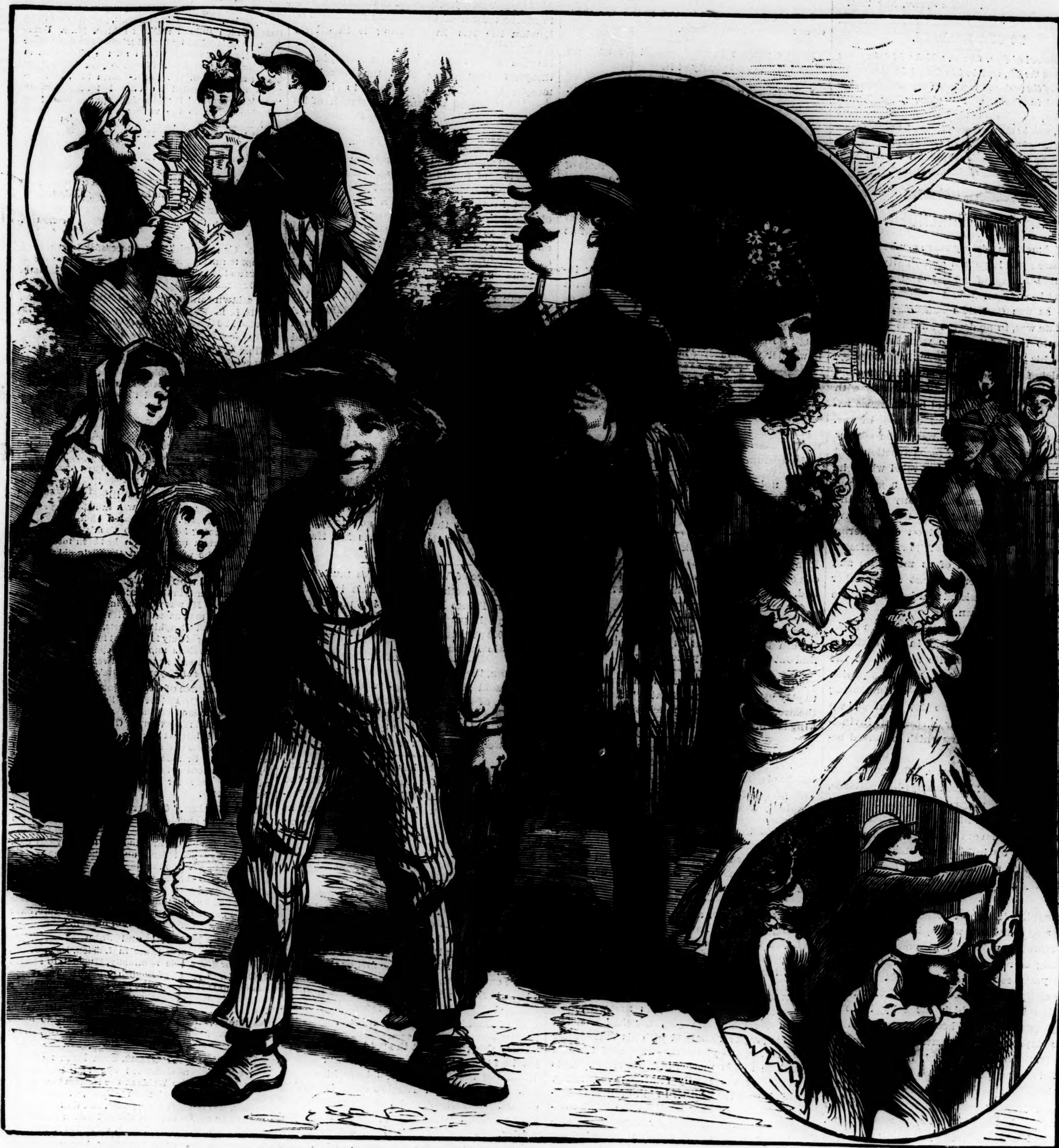
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885.

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LOOKING FOR BOARD.

HOW THE UNSOPHISTICATED AND INNOCENT NEW YORKER IS INTRODUCED TO A BRIEF BUT DISENCHANTING SPELL OF RUSTICITY.





RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885.

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#### TO OUR READERS.

The funeral of Gen. Grant, which will take place on August the 8th, will be illustrated in this paper by some of the best and most striking drawings ever published in America. The views of the funeral procession, which we intend to issue in the next number, will be the most effective and valuable memento ever given away. In order to produce this edition properly we shall not publish it until Monday, Aug. 10—two days later than usual.

#### HIS ONE SURRENDER.

In all American history there can be recalled no picture equal in pathos and dignity to that of the Hon-General of the Republic dying painfully yet bravely on Mount McGregor. Long-drawn as was Garfield's suffering, and cruel as his fate was, in no degree was his case comparable to that of the hero who, having discharged his great life work, went into the peace and quiet of the wilderness to die. The measure of the nation's love for and sympathy with Grant was the magnitude of his immense national services. He saved the country in war. He piloted its State-craft through the stormy and tempestuous period of reconstruction, and when he had converted the last rebel whom he subdued on the battle-field into a good and loyal citizen—all these things duly done and completed, he descended from the Executive Chair and once more mingled on equal terms of modest seclusion with his fellow-Americans. This is why we all of us miss him and lament our great bereavement as no other American has been missed and lamented since this Government began.

No word of grief, however, can call him back. Nor, as he lies forever silent in the darkness and solitude of his granite tomb above the Great River, can we regard him as Spanish legends still regard the Cid—a slumbering champion, who shall some day awaken, leap from his couch and draw a rusty but invincible sword for the country which he saved before.

No! Grant is gone forever. The quenchless courage, the iron will, the martyr-like patience, the clean, sweet, magnanimous spirit are all extinguished forever like an expired flame. All that remain of him are the stark and shrunken figure sealed up in his triple coffins and the glorious memory with which he has enriched the history and the traditions of his native land.

Unhappily there are other reminiscences clustering round him which, in due time will be forgotten, but which, at present, sharpen the pang of regret with which all his fellow-countrymen contemplate his death. Too true is the charge of the Western press that it was in this New York to which his body is to be brought, and in whose bosom his remains are to be deposited with funeral pomp and pageantry, the simple, trustful, lion-hearted soldier fell among thieves. Here it was that the most infamous conspiracy of fraud and theft ever organized against a personal character was established and carried to a successful end. Garfield was murdered by Guiteau, and even more cruelly, because more deliberately and for baser and more sordid motives was Grant hurried to his death by the infamous knavery of Ferdinand Ward.

There must be justice as well as sorrow in our lamentations—justice all the fiercer and firmer and more merciless, because of the innocence of the dead and the villainy of the criminal who accelerated his end.

Ulysses S. Grant committed to the benignant custody of the Mother Earth that bore him is one side of the great national picture. But, upon the other side, must be the mean and skulking figure of the Arch Thief who ruined him, penned in a miserable prison-cell, garbed in the raiment of convicted crime and eating and drinking the bread and water of shameful and degrading punishment.

Unless Ferdinand Ward be brought to the bar shortly, and the penalty of his fatal theft be visited upon him, the rude justice of revenge will break into his comfortable cell and swing him in the pitiless air as other thieves and villains have, ere this, been less justly swung. See if it doesn't.

RUSSIA has sent into exile 60,000 Poles. Is the Czar running a hop farm?

PERSONAL and confidential to the weather-clerk: Call off your calorific.

INSECT powder is what should be used on John Roach—and plenty of it.

LILY LANGTRY calls herself an *ignis fatuus*. She hit the nail on the head that time.

THE English pronounce it Pell Mell. The same rule does not apply to hall, though.

A CHICAGO preacher calls reporters "tools of Satan," which is bearing pretty hard on the city editors.

WALT WHITMAN was sun-struck the other day—but he has recovered, and there will be more of his poetry.

IN this country one big failure usually involves another. Mr. Roach's embarrassment is due to Mr. Blaine's collapse.

A COMMISSION has decided that John McCullough is insane, yet "Fritz" Emmett is allowed to wander whithersoever he listeth.

TWO of the Langtry's mashes, Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chetwynd, slugged each other for 10 minutes, just like Piebes would.

"PRINT cloths have a downward tendency," says a market report. So they are making calico costumes decollete, too, are they?

ARE not the Prince of Wales and Freddie Gebhard men enough to take a hand in the Lonsdale-Chetwynd controversy over "My Lily?"

A REVENGEFUL crank wants to shoot the Princess Beatrice. If he only seeks revenge he can afford to wait. Has she not just been married, and to a beggarly prince at that?

THEY have a good deal of trouble in Chicago over poisoned meat. It sometimes happens in Duluth that the meat is so tough no one can find out whether it is poisoned or not.

THE King of Bavaria wants Mary Anderson to play "Pygmalion and Galatea" in the Royal theatre, with himself as the sole spectator. The king is worse than a misogynist—he is a hog.

MR. GLADSTONE is down with a throat disease. The g. o. m. cannot last much longer unless he gives the g. o. p. the slip, takes the advice of the g. o. w., his wife, and throws his night-key away.

IT is so warm in Kansas City that the ice houses burn up from spontaneous combustion. Even Rev. Jardine has been compelled to flee the city on account of the temperature about his "spankistry."

EBEN REXFORD, author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," having received an office, it is hoped that the author of "Beautiful Snow" will present his claims. At any rate, it will be as well to have your shot-gun ready.

SPRAQUE, of shotgun notoriety, after being divorced from Kate Chase, his first wife, married a West Virginia girl, who had a sister. Willie Sprague remained with his father after the divorce, and yesterday announced his own marriage to his mother-in-law's sister. This complicates the family relations very sadly. Willie is now the brother-in-law of his mother-in-law, and his father becomes the brother-in-law of his son. On the other hand, the daughter-in-law is also the father's sister-in-law. This is worse than the worst of the old shotgun episode, but as all parties concerned appear to be satisfied, the public certainly has no ground for complaint at this woful mixing up of things.

#### AN INTERESTING PIECE OF NEWS.

The Philadelphia Press is responsible for the statement that Henry Ward Beecher appeared before the Grand Jury and demanded, in the name of outraged public decency and morality, the prosecution of Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the Sun, for republishing in his newspaper the Pall Mall Gazette collection of smutty scandals. The Grand Jury, however, having a reasonable fear of Mr. Dana before their eyes, refused to indict him.

And, yet, it seems to us, Mr. Beecher's claim that the Sun's action was wanton and unjustifiable was extremely well founded. Whatever excuse there existed for the publication of the particulars of infamous and indecent crimes in London, there is none for their republication in America. There can be no good purpose served by exposing to the eyes of our people the vile, loathsome, and debasing details of lechery and harlotry in England. No respectable newspaper in America can reconcile their publication with its duty to its subscribers and the community in which it is printed. No newspaper has the right to carry moral infection and pollution into the families and minds of its readers. The Pall Mall Gazette may justly plead that the only way to effect a reform of the reeking rottenness of London life was in exposing it in all its loathsome nastiness and hideousness. The English editors and clergymen and philanthropists may agree that the moral atmosphere of London needed to be exposed and stirred up until the stench of its foulness polluted the nostrils of the world, in order that the whole body of the city's life should not become hopelessly diseased. But American editors and clergymen and philanthropists and public opinion should unite in condemning the circulation of the debasing revelations in this country. If a similar moral ulcer is eating at the life of American society it may become a duty for the press of America to expose it, but there should be no place in American newspapers for the recital of the infamy of England's byways and brothels.

THERE are some people who don't like the French, but the King of Dahomey thinks they are toothsome bits and proposes that himself and followers will enjoy a feast of broiled Frenchmen. They are going to eat a thousand prisoners.

A BEECH-LOADING gun sixty feet long, weighing forty-three tons, and with a bore of eight inches, has just been cast by a Jersey City firm. It is evidently designed for use next season by one of the professional baseball teams, instead of a pitcher.

"WOMAN TRIUMPHANT" is the latest work of art from the chisel of Joel T. Hart, the Kentucky sculptor. It is said by the critics to be magnificent, but they do not go into particulars in describing it. Now, has Mr. Hart a mother-in-law?

THE Prince of Wales don't take much stock in his new brother-in-law. This is a little rough on Prince Henry, but it's probable he can stand it, particularly when he thinks of that \$30,000 per annum which the English people have bestowed on his bride.

TEEMER, the oarsman, is now charged with having sold the Philadelphia race to young Gaudaur, of St. Louis, and he is hailed as the coming disciple of Courtney. Teemer shouldn't Courtney distinction of that kind. If he does, he may as well consider his professional career oar.

THE yacht Genesta has been sent over from England to contest for the prize cup with the American yachts Priscilla and Puritan. Perhaps it would be well, in view of the recent disclosures in London, to keep a sharp eye on this Genesta. Even Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, may not be safe in associating with the English yacht.

THE Rev. Jardine, of Kansas City, was compelled to enter his pulpit Sunday with a loaded revolver. Charges of improper conduct have been made against him, and his congregation ordered him to quit but he refuses to do so, and at last accounts still held the fort or the pulpit. Before entering the ministry he had served a term in State prison for forgery, but nothing was said against him until recently. He is a man of considerable literary culture.

NOT a day passes that the "old feud" doesn't get in its deadly work in Kentucky. Near Woodbine the Trosper boys have killed Mr. Tuggles, because Mr. Tuggles' niece is teacher of the district school, and the Trosper boys vowed they wouldn't be taught by any of Tuggles' family. So they got a fight with old man Tuggles and a murder was the result. During the war, twenty-four years ago, Tuggles killed old man Trosper and there has been a feud between the families ever since.

#### SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



MR. WILLIAM P. MARSHALL.

There are few devotees of the cue in New England who are not acquainted with the subject of the above portrait, Mr. William P. Marshall, proprietor of the Grand Union Billiard Hall, of Boston, Mass. Uncle Billy, as he is called by his old friends, has done more to give a zest to billiards than all the billiardists in New England combined. Since the year 1865 he has been proprietor of the above-named hall, and five years ago originated an annual tournament in "cushion carroms" for amateurs, giving each year valuable prizes to the victors. Mr. Marshall is a New Hampshire boy, having first seen the dawn of day at Bradford, on Jan. 11, 1828. His are the rooms at which Schaeffer, Slosson, Sexton and the other champions meet when in the "Hub."

E. Leheup, an ex-oarsman and earnest promoter of the sport, died in London, Eng., July 1.

As Courtney could not be secured to train the Potomacs, they have engaged Breen, of Boston, Mass.

Geo. Cartwright was successful in a recent attempt to run 21 miles on a public road in England in 2 hours and 10 minutes. He beat time by 4 minutes and 10 seconds.

In a lawn-tennis match in Huntington, Pa., July 18, L. B. Knight and R. E. Brown of that place defeated E. J. Cleave and Harry Fay of Altoona, by a score of 6-3, 6-5, 5-6, 6-5.

Ellis Ward, in whom the Columbias place great confidence, can be seen daily now in his single-shell coaching the members of that Washington organization. John Kennedy is training the crews of the Washington Club, and they will make a good showing.

J. Beaver Webb, designer of the cutter Genesta, arrived from Liverpool on the Aurania, July 20. The yacht's racing spars were brought over by the Furnessia, which arrived the other day. The yacht will probably be dry-docked and have her bottom cleaned before the spars are put aboard.

John Roberts, jr., and William Cook played in London, Eng., for what was called the pyramid-pool championship. The contest ended July 10 in Roberts winning 100 games to Cook's 71. It was a Royal Aquarium match, and it had been intended to make it last the week out, but the affair did not pay, and so was hurried to a close.

Bachemin, who has taken part in one or two pool tournaments in the Crescent City, is now under arrest there. He was working in the bar and restaurant of an old man named Charles Nice, at the corner of St. Louis and Dauphine streets, New Orleans, and on the morning of July 18 he went into Nice's bedroom and fired three shots into the sleeping man. There had, it is said, been no quarrel between them. Bachemin is a brother of Mayor Guillotte's chief-of-police.

In the absence of Commodore James Gordon Bennett, Vice-Commodore William P. Douglas has assumed command of the New York Yacht Club, whose fleet will rendezvous at Glen Cove, L. I., July 22. Unusual interest is given to this year's annual cruise by the fact that among the participating yachts will probably be found the Genesta, Puritan and Priscilla, and one or more of the three will, no doubt, enter the race for the Goelet Cups, Aug. 3, off Newport, R. I.

A. A. Jordan. Concerning the performances of this young athlete at the English championship meeting, the London Field says: "Jordan, who, by the way, only landed in England on the previous day, showed very good form under the circumstances, managing to get into the final heat, and, but for hitting one of his hurdles, would probably have run into a place. As it was, he acquitted himself creditably, and, had he had but time to recover from the effects of his run across the Atlantic, would, we are sure, have given a very different account of himself."

William Mitchell and John Roberts, jr., were on July 9, at a pause in London, Eng., over a match for \$500 a side nominally, Mitchell to receive 3,000 in 12,000 points of English billiards. The reason of the halt is that before the players went through the form of signing articles they wished to be assured that Sheffield, in consideration of having the circus take place there, would put out enough money to make the scheme profitable. It is business everywhere nowadays, sport playing second-fiddle.

Mrs. Charlotte Grant, Tom Hyer's daughter, exhibited a discolored eye and bruises and scratches to Justice Welde at the Harlem Court, July 14. She said that her husband, Floyd Grant, a book-keeper, had inflicted the injuries, and that they were not by any means the first she had gotten from him. Floyd, a big, well-dressed man, entreated her not to press the complaint against him. She said she had put up with his cruel treatment long enough. Justice Welde required Grant to furnish \$500 bonds for his good behavior for three months. America's first champion evidently died too soon.



## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Great American Advance Agent  
Wakes Up From His Summer  
Slumbers.

One of the first signs of spring is the return of the song-birds who come back from all sorts of mysterious and undiscoverable places with the first warm sunshine. The moment you hear their chirps and twitterings in the woods and thickets, you know that the long dull reign of winter is over and done and that, before long, summer blossoms will be making the fields and orchards fragrant and beautiful.

It is quite different with the great American advance agent. The dog-days are his period of retirement and secrecy. The first breath of spring frightens him into his rural retreats, and the Rialto doesn't know him until the cat briars begin to wilt and the maple leaves grow rusty.

What he does with himself during his period of disappearance, or how he manages to exist, are in-



The Judae agent.

teresting questions which nobody, as yet, has been able to answer satisfactorily.

There are several kinds and varieties of advance agent now visible to the naked eye on Union Square—advance agents who are once more in season, like woodcock or other game birds.

The most numerous is the Judae advance agent, who comes from Jerusalem via Frankfurt, or some other city sacred to sausages and sauerkraut. He is an immensely swell agent, is the Hebrew, and makes a great sensation every time he appears in the lobbies of the theatre or the hotel which he honors with his presence. His dress suit was bought for \$12.75 "down in the bay," and at one time belonged to a Gentile dude who was obliged to pawn it. But it is none the less magnificent. His opera hat is, indeed, a crusher, and the gleam of his Rhinestone solitaire is dazzling to the inexperienced and uncritical eye.

The dashing agent is quite a common character this time of the year. He is sweet of voice and concise of speech, and looks not altogether unlike a



The dashing agent.

commercial drummer. With a valise slung over his shoulder and a roll of sample window pictures under his arm, he looks to be "strictly business" every time. His principal work is done in editorial rooms where his welcome is cordial in the ratio of its brevity.

The urbane agent takes life as easily as he does whisky—which is saying a good deal. He wears a pea-jacket night and day, a silk hat and a perpetual smile. Before he went in for the "show business" he used to be the managing clerk of a big drug store—or something of that sort. He is liked by newspaper men, because he conducts himself with a certain decent propriety, and is always ready to grant

a favor for every one he asks at their hands. He draws so large a salary that he is never tempted to become a manager on his own account.

The wild western agent goes in advance of a Buffalo Bill combination or some other breezy "snap," clad in the skins of defunct coyotes and ex-



The urbane agent.

haling a pungent aroma equally compounded of skunk and bourbon whiskey. It often turns out that the wild western agent never saw a wild Buffalo or a real Indian in his life. But his attire is none the less picturesque, his oaths not a particle less forceful and convincing.

But the flower of returning agents is the gentleman



The Wild Western agent.

who has been doing Europe and who comes back to the battlefield on a White Star steamer. Fearfully and wonderfully he is clad, and wiled and blood-curdling are his tales of travel. If you believe him he has been the favored guest of emperors and kings, been on intimate terms with every pretty woman in



The newly landed agent.

the Old World, and made the sensation of the year as a typical traveling American.

Whereas, as an actual fact he has probably spent the summer in a White Chapel lodging house, with occasional trips on penny steamboats, waiting and praying for the clouds to roll by.

They are a great lot, the advance agents.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Joseph Frankau has signed with Rhea.

"La Belle Russe" will be sent on the road next season.

Olara Fisher Maeder has been engaged by Arthur Rehan.

W. H. Bartholomew, the old-time pantomimist, is in town.

Charles Coots has left the Eustis-Tuthill Burlesque company.

Lawrence Barrett will open his season at St. Paul on Aug. 31.

W. J. Florence has returned from his annual fishing trip to Canada.

Frank Kilday will play the part of a clergyman in "Mixed Pickles."

There will be but four changes in Almee's company for next season.

Frank Tannehill, sr., has been engaged for Dore Davidson's company.

Rehearsals of "Sis" began on Monday and will be continued all the week.

Barney McAuley, it is reported, will return to the road the coming season.

It is William Beach, not Charles Beech, who has signed with Lawrence Barrett.

Marie Hilford has been engaged for J. H. Wallick's "Bandit King" company.

James D. Fanning died last Saturday at the hospital on Deer Island, near Boston.

The new play by Gunter is adapted from the German—"Irrehaus," by Kaiser.

Rehearsals of "A Moral Crime" began at the Third Avenue theatre on Monday.

Alfred McDowell and Frances Bishop are announced as being engaged to be married.

Manager John E. Whallen, of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed postmaster of that city.

J. H. Browne has been engaged by W. J. Florence. The Florences open at Daly's on Sept. 7.

It is said that Adeline Patti may make a short professional visit to America the coming winter.

Mme. Carvalho, the French prima donna, has retired. She had been thirty-five years on the boards.

"Pinafore" is to be produced shortly at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens by the Harris Opera company.

It is probable that Kate Castleton will play an engagement at a leading New York theatre during the season.

E. A. Eberle, for the last four seasons at the Boston theatre, has been engaged for Joseph Jefferson's company.

Charles Carlotto and James T. Hutchinson will occupy the box-office of the Fourteenth Street theatre next season.

Frank Daniels will star next season in a play of his own he is now having written for him by Charles H. Hoyt.

Geoffrey Hawley, for a long time a member of the Union Square stock company, is spending the summer at Saratoga.

Rehearsals of McIntyre & Heath's Minstrels will begin on July 30, the season opening on Aug. 8 in Philadelphia.

Frances Bishop and Alf. McDowell, in "Muggs' Landing," will open the next season at Havlin's theatre, Cincinnati.

The Kralfys will make a new move next season by putting on a three-act comedy without any spectacular effects whatever.

Ada Trimble, who was to have played the part of the French Countess in "Clio," has cancelled her engagement to go elsewhere.

W. J. Ferguson, with his family, has left Long Branch, and will spend the remainder of the summer in the Catskills. He is considering offers from the Madison Square and the Lyceum.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Burbeck (nee Nellie Lingard) are at York Beach, Me., occupying a cottage. With them are Mrs. Charles Thorne, her daughter, Grace Thorne, and Mr. Burbeck's mother.

Smith and Earle, known in the profession as the Irish Cuckoos, have been engaged for the "Excelsior Folly" company, and will introduce their specialty in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Horace Frail, who has been a member of Rice's organization for many years, continues his success as the "disappointed tenor" in "Adonis." He has never missed an encore, frequently receiving three calls.

B. D. Stevens, whose geniality is as well known as his face is familiar to frequenters of Wallack's, will take McCaull's "Black Hussar" company on the road next season, opening at Library Hall, Pittsburgh, Oct. 5.

Harry Brown has been secured for a two-weeks' star engagement by the Crystal Palace Association, of Montreal, when he will appear as *Mineur* in "Ixion" and *Captain Crostree* in the burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan."

Hal Clarendon, Helen Mowatt and her five children, including Little Brownie, have been engaged to support J. M. Hardie and Sara von Leer in "A Brave Woman." Helen's babies will be prominently featured in the piece.

W. H. Gillette and M. A. Kennedy are to star together next season in the style of Robson and Crane. They will appear in a play called "The Great Trunk Mystery," and will be managed by W. W. Randall, with Charles Haslam as advance agent.

The completed company which will be the support to Ed. Harrigan includes Stella Boniface, Annie Hall, John Welch, Annie Yeamans, Ada Farrell, Michael Brady, James Fox, William West, Emily Yeamans, E. A. Eberle, Dan Collier, Harry Weaver, Jr., A. C. Moreland and John Doyle.

As an evidence of the condition of cheap comic opera, the "Robert Grau" company, including Agnes Hallock, Tilly McHenry and W. W. Allen,

were booked for a night at Bath, L. I., and had about thirty people in attendance, with receipts amounting to not over \$10.

Milton Aborn, having secured the sole right from W. A. Mestayer to produce "The Tourists" the coming season, has engaged the following company: Chas. A. Mestayer, Chas. E. Sturges, Fred Roberts, John H. W. Byrne, Al. Baus, Arthur Milton, Helene Brooks, Ada St. Claire, May Jackson, Gracie De Witt, and J. A. Stroumburg as leader of the orchestra.

Alice Townsend is Alice Oates' double. Townsend is not as stout as Oates and is much younger; but there is, nevertheless, a strong resemblance between them, and the younger is palmed off on western audiences as the elder when the latter doesn't wish to appear. But the audiences lose nothing by the deception.

The St. Quinten Opera company is faring well in New Orleans. An eight weeks' season was opened at the Spanish Fort, on Saturday night, with a performance of "Madame Favart." Miss St. Quinten assumed the title role, and was overtopped by her reception. The opera, which was new to most of the cast, was admirably done. Much credit is due to J. C. Kenny, the conductor, for the success of the opening. The "Mikado" is in rehearsal.

Ada Richmond's repertoire in burlesque will comprise "The Sleeping Beauty," "Robin Hood," "Chow-Chow," and a new burlesque written by Charles Constantine, entitled "Micky-Do." Among the people engaged so far are: W. B. Cahill, Charles Constantine, Mand Webber, Caprice Von Lissa, Emma Duchateau, Alice Arnold, George Raresbide, Edward H. Van Vechten, Kate O'Neill, George O'Bryan, Julian Kennedy, Clara Thropp, Florence Thropp and Julia Edmunds. William Withers, Jr., will lead the orchestra.

The trunks of the company which played "The Russian Honey-moon" at New Haven have been returned to their owners. Their counsel, Roger Foster, took the position that the manager, and not the actors, was liable for the hotel bills, to which, after procuring legal advice in New Haven, the hotel-keeper, acceded. It appearing that the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway Company detained the trunks at the request of the hotel-keeper, without any legal process, after they had been checked, Mabel Cooke has commenced an action in the Superior Court of this city against the railroad company, placing her damages at \$5,000 for the discomfort, annoyance and injury to her property caused by the detention. Laura Johnson and Annie Cooke, who are minors, say they will commence similar actions as soon as guardians have been appointed for them.

Mr. Roland Barnett, the sole proprietor and manager of the Montreal Opera House, which he built some five years ago, has been in town for some time, busy in engaging a burlesque company. His arrangements are now complete, and he will open on Monday next, August 3, with "Ixion." His company includes many favorite artists: Topsy Venn, Nellie Beaumont, Bell Urquhart, Grace Mainstone, Harry Brown, Fred Lennox, Arthur Nichols and others. Mr. J. Sachs Hill, the distinguished English violin virtuoso, will be the musical conductor. Later in the fall the enterprising manager will produce legitimate opera in English: the repertoire will include "Martha," "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," and similar works. A special and effective company has been engaged for this purpose. Mr. Barnett has entirely renovated his house, which now ranks among the most beautiful in the Dominion.

## A FIFTEEN-INCH SHOE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George Nolte exhibited at Los Angeles, Cal., the sole of an old shoe, which he has kept as a souvenir for many years. The sole originally belonged to a shoe worn by H. D. Kimball, of Littleton, Mass. Kimball, at the age of forty-one, was 8 feet 1½ inches in height, and weighed 385 pounds. He was the youngest of twelve children, and in his earliest years was quite puny. When about nine years old he had a siege of fever, and upon recovering began a most extraordinary growth, which left him the giant that he was. Mr. Nolte says that the man was strong in proportion to his size. For many years he worked at teaming—principally engaged in hauling hay. He was intellectually as bright as men of his calling, and accumulated a competency as he attained mature years. As illustrating Kimball's proportions, it is stated that he would sit on top of a flour barrel as naturally as an ordinary man sits on a chair. It was just the right height for him. The giant died about two years ago. The old shoe sole which Mr. Nolte exhibits is 15 inches long and 8½ inches across in the widest part. The shoe was known as No. 21.

## "UNCLE SPORT."

[With Portrait.]

One of the most noted celebrities of Yankton, Dak., is "Uncle Sport," a canine lunch fiend who can beat the oldest bum in the city in that particular line of industry. "Uncle Sport" is about twenty years of age and is therefore an old-timer. Like all old-timers, he doesn't take much stock in the W. C. T. U. When the first lunch counter opens up in the morning "Uncle Sport" puts in an appearance and waits meekly for the crumbs which fall from the table. If the receipts are limited he thinks he knows where there is a better lay out, and when the door opens he vanishes, to reappear at the next saloon, and so on until he has gone the rounds, and the hours for lunch have ceased. If a saloon quits the lunch business on account of the stringency in the money market "Uncle Sport" shakes the dust of that place off his feet and comes no more.

## A ZEBRA FOUR-IN-HAND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The belle of Los Angeles, Cal., is famous not for her beauty, but for the fact that she drives a four-in-hand team of zebras.

## SARAH'S ENGINE RIDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

This week we illustrate Sarah Bernhardt's latest sensational performance—her ride on a fire engine from London to Richmond.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.





CHARLES GILDAY.

THE WELL-KNOWN AND HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL YOUNG ARTIST OF THE VARIETY STAGE.

**Charles Gilday.**

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Charles Gilday, the well-known variety artist.

**Dave Ackles.**

This colored fiend is no more. He was executed on the 17th inst. at Helena, Ark., for the

horrible double murder of Frank Burwell and his wife, in the vicinity of Helena, on Trask's place, on Jan. 28 last.

**Samuel Wesley Collins.**

This young man was hanged at Bowling Green, Mo., on July 31, for the murder of Owen

Utterback. Collins was only twenty-five years of age.

**A Fortified Gambling House.**

On the east side of Dupont street, San Francisco, a building is being altered for the purpose of establishing a restaurant in it, and in connection therewith there is being fitted up a room which will be used by Chinese gamblers. The room is twenty-five feet wide by eighteen deep. The studding has been covered inside and out with grooved and tongued pitch pine. The outside of each partition is covered with sheet iron one-eighth of an inch thick, and fastened by means of round-headed carriage bolts, set about five inches apart.

The entrance from the street is through a narrow door set in the western partition and hid from view by a large staircase that leads to the upper floor. The casing of this doorway is covered with steel strips a quarter of an inch thick and several inches wide, which are as well secured to the partition by iron bolts as possible. On the floor, in place of the ordinary threshold,



SAMUEL WESLEY COLLINS,

TO BE HANGED AT BOWLING GREEN, MO., JULY 31, FOR MURDER.



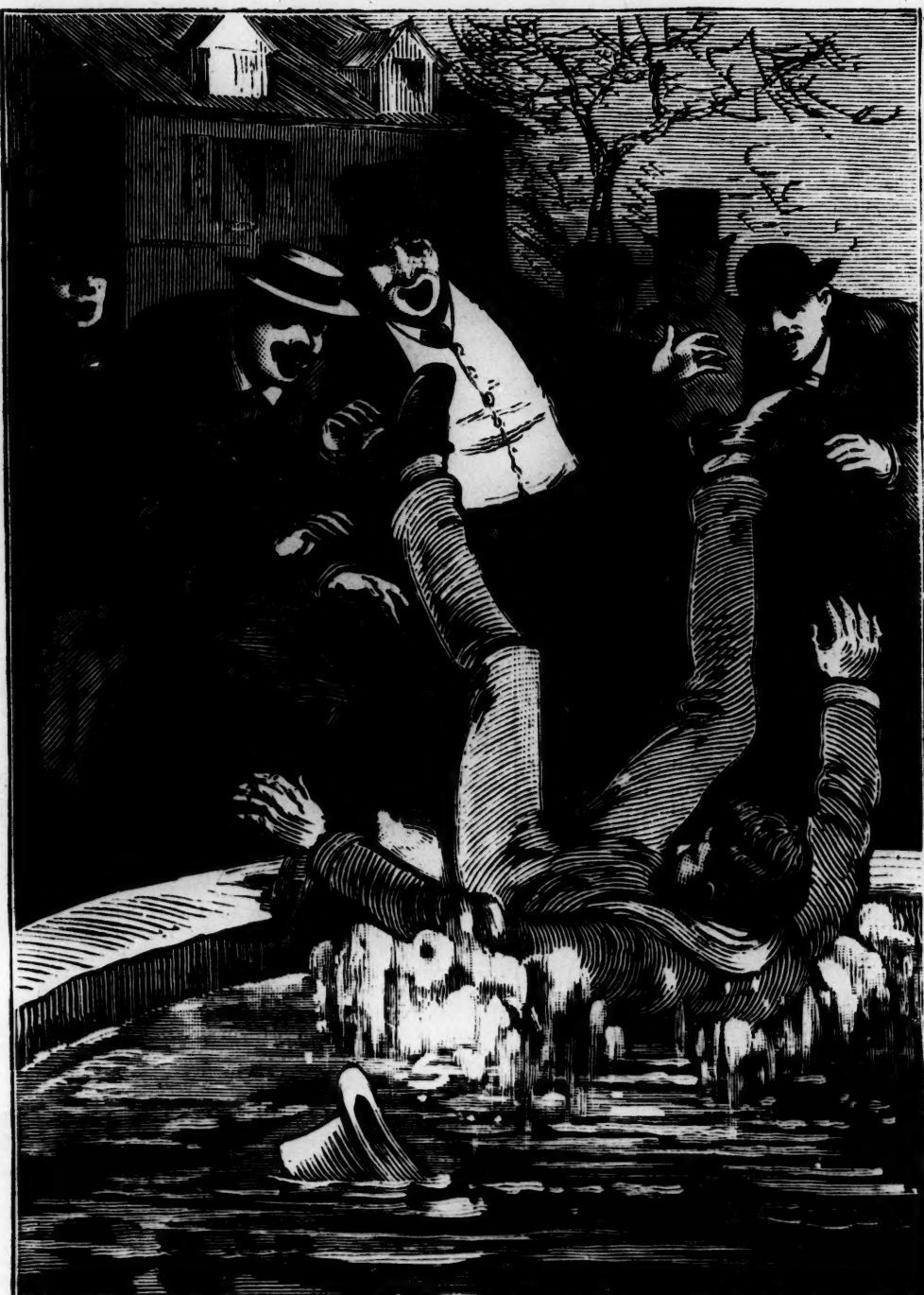
DAVE ACKLES,

RECENTLY EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF FRANK BURWELL AND WIFE, AT HELENA, ARK

there is a thick iron plate. From the interior the door is fastened by means of a swivel bar, which fits into the sockets, and in addition thereto there is a heavy iron-bound piece of timber six feet long, which, if occasion requires, may be thrown against the door as a brace, from a floor hold. The door itself is of three-inch pine, covered with a quarter-inch steel plate strongly riveted.

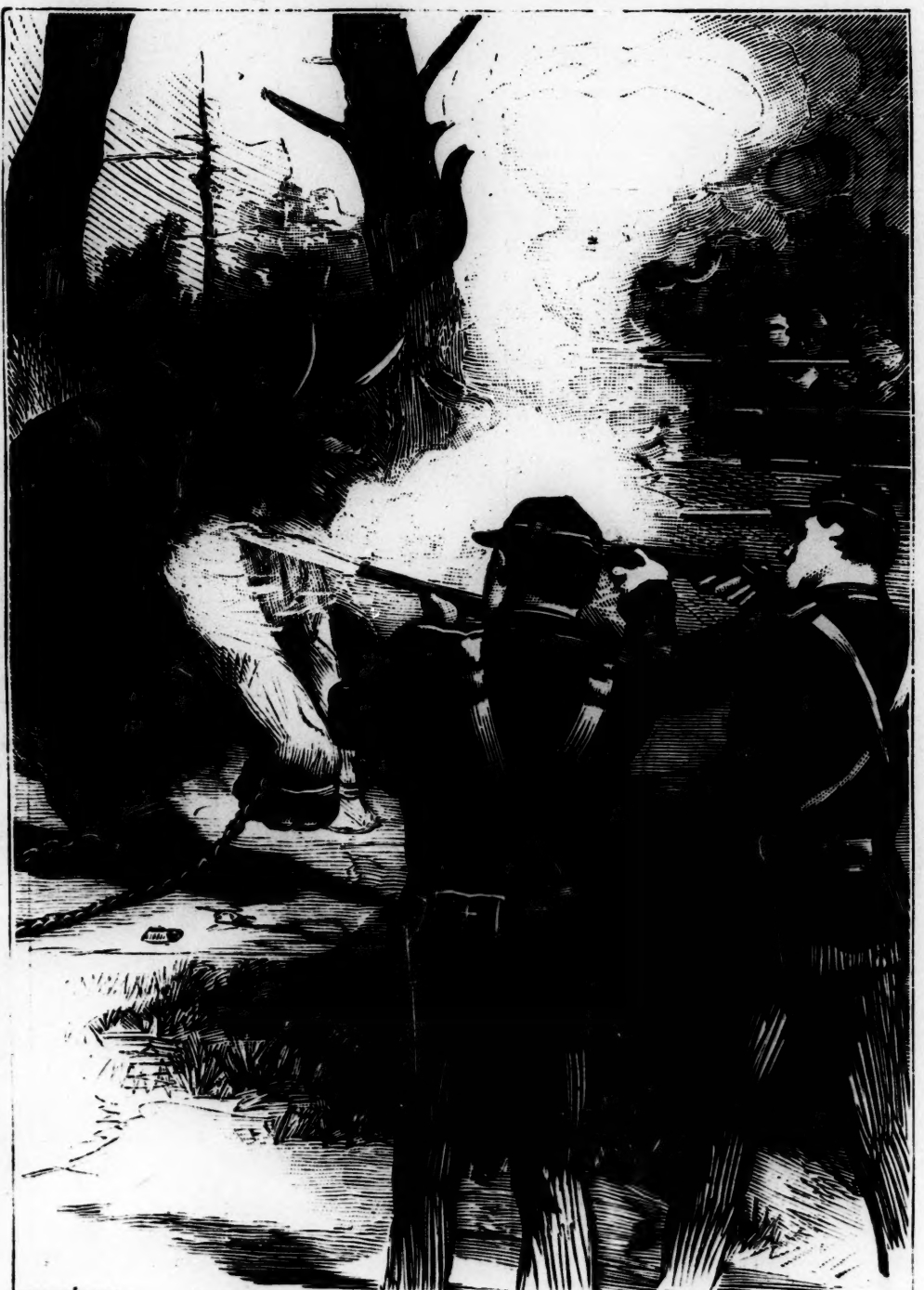
In the rear partition there is a door that opens into a large kitchen connected with the restaurant. The kitchen is a room, the walls of which are of brick. Two windows light the room, but each of these has heavy iron gratings set in them. This place is so strongly fortified that, under the most favorable circumstances, officers having wedges, axes, pinchbars and iron mauls could not effect an entrance under an hour's very hard work.

The purpose of the door to the kitchen is that in case a raid is made the players may carry the evidence which, if found, would lead to conviction, into the cook shop, and destroy it by throwing it into the furnace.



HE WAS OUT LATE.

AND THAT IS WHY THE FLUSHING, L. I. REFORM CLUB DUCKED HIM IN THE FOUNTAIN.



SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

THE GREAT BARNUM ELEPHANT ALBERT IS PUT TO DEATH BY MILITIAMEN AT KEENE, N. H.





CATHARINE LEWIS GOES SWIMMING.

AND IS ACCOMPANIED INTO THE SURF BY A TRAIN OF ATTENDANT NYMPHS AT ATLANTIC CITY.



SHE DRIVES ZEBRAS.

THE FOUNDATION ON WHICH A CALIFORNIA BELLE HAS ESTABLISHED HER REPUTATION FOR ORIGINALITY.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



MISS MARY BALDWIN.

The murder of this handsome young woman yet remains a mystery at Atchison, Kan. The crime was committed on the seventh day of this month, and strange to say, no arrests have since been made.

A prominent lawyer, who luxuriates in cosy single blessedness in an elegant flat uptown and is a member of two pretentious clubs, volunteered the other afternoon to furnish the reporter of the *Sunday Mercury* with some facts of interest to fathers of families residing in the country. Lighting a fragrant Havana, and handing the reporter also one, he began:

"I was coming down one Monday morning from Nyack on the Hudson, where I had gone to spend Sunday, when a very pretty and stylishly attired girl, not more than fourteen or fifteen, I should say, got on the train at one of the way stations—Norwood, I think it was. She was not averse to a flirtation evidently, and I was soon engaged in a confidential talk with her. My young friend grew communicative as the train rattled on, and gave me an insight into the manner in which our concert halls are supplied with pretty waiter girls. For months, usually going home to stay over Sunday, this young girl had been engaged in one of the most noted places in the city without the cognizance or consent of her parents, who were honest farming people and believed her to be serving as a salesgirl in a reputable store where only respectable young women were employed.

"When I asked her how she could find it in her heart to deceive her parents so she laughed and said the old folks were too slow to drop to her little game, and she did not see the harm of having a little fun and enjoying herself while she was young. And what was it worse to sell a gentleman a bottle of wine than it was to sell him a yard of tape? She never did more than just to sip a glass of soda or sarsaparilla when customers asked her to drink with them, adding triumphantly:

"And I make more money in a week out of my perquisites than I could get in a dry goods store in a month."

"And how did you come to get in the business?" I asked, curiously.

"Oh, that's easy enough told," she replied. "Last summer a young lady from the city came to board at our house for a few days, during her vacation as she called it. She was one of the most stylish creatures you ever saw, and father and mother took a great fancy to her, because she did not put on any airs and had a laughing word for everybody. Her name was Lizzie Norton, and in a few days she and I got to be great friends. She was an orphan, so she told mother, and had to get her living ever since she could remember. I used to wonder how she managed to earn such wages and could afford to dress so well, when other girls that I knew who worked in the factory or were employed in stores were as poor as could be: and one day I asked her about it. She promised to tell me and get me an engagement as good as her own, only she made me agree solemnly not to say a word to the old folks about it."

"Such," continued the lawyer, "was the preface to the young creature's story, who, of course, was going to the bad as fast as ever she could, but, in her ignorance of life and her contempt for the opinion of the old folks, scarcely comprehended the disgraceful situation. She teased her parents to let her come to the city with Miss Norton, and the old folks were finally persuaded to give their consent, as Miss Norton promised to look after her as though she were her own sister.

"She came, and was introduced by her friend into an uptown concert saloon, whose reputation as one of the city's gilded palaces of sin was enough to blast the fair fame of any girl seen to enter it; although, being a resort of the upper ten, it is ostensibly decent and well conducted and has not yet fallen into the hands of the police."

This young girl told her interlocutor that she knew dozens of girls whose people lived in the villages along that railway route who deceived their parents just as she did and were in the same business with her. In most instances the case had substantially the same history as hers. The girl had got acquainted with a stylish young lady from the city who had come out to spend a few days as a sort of vacation ostensibly, but was really in the employ of the keeper of some place of more or less bad repute to pick up a fresh supply of pretty waiters. The country girls thus enticed into uptown haunts of vice, where their freshness and innocence attract customers of the better class, often remain uncontaminated for many months, until some handsome, reckless reprobate finally leads them away. The deterioration of manners consequent upon her situation soon begins. She becomes coarsened—hardened—dissipated; and in a few months the establish-

ment in which her downward career commenced finds her too loud and forward—too bold and bolsterous to suit the tastes of its customers. Then the descent begins and she sinks, sinks, passing from one concert saloon to another until she finds herself an inmate of one of the horrible dives down town, a candidate for death in the hospital and a grave in the Potter's field. Or, if she falls in with the ways of the thieves and swindlers that frequent these places, she is finally convicted of rifling some drunken man's pocket, and completes her downward career in the penitentiary.

In like manner, according to this expert in the ways of the demi-world, keepers of houses of ill-fame of the higher class often pay the expenses of fast young scoundrels on summer vacation in the country for the purpose of having them act as their agents. Arrived in the village that is to be his theatre of operations, the young scamp selects a pretty girl and manages to get up a most romantic love affair with her, beginning with a gay flirtation for the sport of it, and ending with a desperate proposal to carry her off and marry her. Sometimes he is the son of wealthy parents, who would cut him off from a fortune if he married a poor country girl. But he cannot give her up—he will not; and his passionate protestations (provided the girl keeps the affair with him a secret, and there is no officious interference by friends and relatives) at last win the day, and his victim consents to accompany him to the city, with the understanding that they are to be married secretly and to bide a favorable opportunity for reconciling his obdurate father. Once safe in New York, where the girl is a total stranger, the rest is very simple. She finds herself within twenty-four hours an inmate of some reputed boarding-house, deserted by her lover and virtually a prisoner. Or she is drugged and betrayed, awakening from a morphine sleep to a comprehension of her terrible situation.

"Such cases occur a summer all along the Sound shore in Connecticut and in the interior counties of this State. But of all places in the world a New Jersey village is the special hunting ground of these harpies, and the disappearances of young girls that happen of a summer in the pretty towns of that State would startle a statistician if they could all be gathered and recorded. Parents generally know something of the real state of the case, but shame keeps them silent, and so retribution seldom overtakes the offender. That is, they know that their daughter disappeared on the same day as a certain stylish young fellow who boarded at the ugly little hotel in the village. The young fool often leaves a note telling them the story of her love and of her lover's promises, and that is the last they hear of her for years, possibly, though they hope against hope that it will all come out right by-and-by."

Of course, such cases are generally beyond the jurisdiction of Superintendent Jenkins. But it behooves the parents of young girls living along the lines of railway, whose daughters come to the city ostensibly to occupy positions in respectable stores or to work in factories, to find out whether such is really the case, for there is no doubt whatever as to the truth of the statement of the lawyer that the deception is widely and successfully practiced by girls of respectable parentage in scores of instances; and, while they are supposed to be pursuing honest avocations, they are really on the road to rapid ruin.

## SKIPPED BY MOONLIGHT.

Moonlight straw-ride parties have been the rage at Mahwah, N. J., for several days past. In the evening a jolly party of a dozen young people from that neighborhood left for a ride of a few miles, the destination not being given.

Among the number, and one of the brightest, liveliest and prettiest girls who sang and laughed in the moonbeams, was Miss Lena Sanderson. She was the only daughter of T. Z. Sanderson, who owns a little cottage, which he occupies during the summer months with his wife and daughter.

Lena's absence at breakfast the morning after the ride caused Mr. Sanderson to make some remark. On going to the young lady's room her couch was found undisturbed. It was soon learned that Miss Lena had left the party on arriving at their destination in company with a young man named Winters, whom she had only met twice before.

They had merely said in a joking way, "Will be back in a few days," and disappeared.

The parents of the young lady offered a reward for her safe return. They fear that she has married the young man. Winters was employed to milk cows and take care of the garden of a farmer who lived close by Mr. Sanderson's place.

Lena's companions say that she has not eloped with him, but is playing a joke on her friends and will return before long.

## A QUICK RE-MARRIAGE.

Hattie L. Greenough, of Troy, N. Y., was granted an absolute divorce from her husband, James J. Greenough, July 23. The latter is a machinist and resides in Whitehall. In 1882, when fifteen years of age, Hattie L. Bourne, of West Troy, formed his acquaintance, and the couple were secretly married by the Rev. Mr. Stevens, at Whitehall.

The wedding was kept a secret and Hattie returned to her home. When the facts were learned by Hattie's friends they refused to allow her to live with her husband, and he finally gave up all attempts to gain his wife. A watch, however, was put on his movements on the occasion of his visits to Troy, and soon evidence of Greenough's infidelity was obtained.

With these facts in possession of her friends a suit for divorce was begun and was decided. Meanwhile Hattie had fallen in love with George W. Clark, a young resident of Brooklyn, but a wedding could not take place until the divorce was obtained. Clark learned that the suit would be decided shortly and he arrived a day or two ago. As soon as the papers had been filed Hattie and Clark visited the residence of a minister and were married and took the Albany boat for New York the same evening. Hattie is a very handsome young woman and the denouement is a great surprise to her friends, none of whom knew anything of her first marriage.

## BOTH DEAD.

On the night of July 24, Peter Stamps, colored, was lynched at Douglasville, Ga., by a mob of 500 men for an alleged rape committed upon Ida Abercrombie, daughter of a well-to-do white farmer. The girl is thirteen years old, and a few days ago her parents discovered that she was about to become a mother. She confessed that Stamps, who worked on the place, was the father of the child and said he had a year ago outraged her, and at various times since had compelled her to submit to his desires. Stamps was arrested and placed in jail. Next morning, about 3 o'clock, Ida called her father and told him she was

going to die. Before help could be secured she expired in convulsions. A mob was organized and the negro was taken from the sheriff while he was trying to leave the county with him last night, and Stamps was hung to a railroad bridge. The negro said he secured the girl's consent to what he did. He was forty-five years old and was given to playing with the children on the place. A post-mortem examination showed the presence of strychnine in the girl's stomach. Her child was found to be colored. Great excitement now prevails over the girl's death.

## A BIGAMOUS ALDERMAN.

Alderman William Vancer, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was arrested, July 23, for bigamy. He is fifty years old. Four months ago, it is charged, he ruined Letitia Simmons, a soldier of the Salvation Army aged fourteen. On being threatened with prosecution he married her, lived with her two weeks and left her and, as alleged, married another woman named Eroth. He lived with her one month and then went off with Lucy Mickler, with whom he has since lived. It was stated on the hearing that he had married three other women before he married Letitia Simmons. He was committed for trial.

## HE DID IT, BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

Lawyer Thomas J. Sullivan waited two hours outside the Tombs gate, on the morning of July 27, for the Rev. Sidney G. Law, the clergyman who officiates at the Sunday services in the prison. Up stairs in the court-room was a fair client of Sullivan's, who by turns shed tears and beamed with smiles. In the Tombs prison, on the topmost tier, was a handsome young man, tugging away at his hair and biting his nails, and very anxious to get out and do somewhere where it was cooler. He says he is Paul Bullmann, a merchant at 27 Walker street. In Berlin, he says, his father, Edward Bullmann, is a clergyman of the court. Lawyer Sullivan's client, Hulda Singer, a dressmaker, at 123 Second avenue, had had Paul locked up for forgetting to marry her.

Lawyer Sullivan captured the Rev. Mr. Law, and would not be persuaded to delay the marriage ceremony until the religious services in the Tombs were over. He fairly carried Mr. Law into the counsel room, and had the bridegroom summoned. The bride was at her lawyer's heels all the time with her interpreter, for she speaks no English. The Rev. Mr. Law told them what an awful thing it was to get married, but assured them that if they chose to do so they could make marriage a succession of joys and blessings. He bade Paul take Hulda's hand, and asked:

"Do you, Paul, take—keep hold of her hand—Hulda to be—hold her hand until I have finished, please—to be your—keep fast her hand yet, please—lawful wedded wife? Say 'I do.'"

"Yes, sir," Paul replied, releasing the hand, "I do, sir."

"Keep hold of her hand," Mr. Law insisted. Hulda reached over, and looking lovingly up into Paul's woe-begone face, smiled and grasped his hand, patted it, and held on until the ceremony was over. Mr. Law asked her if she was willing to take Paul for her husband, and she broke out in German, three or four times before he had finished: "Yah! yah! Ich will!" The clergyman did not ask the groom to kiss the bride, and when it was all over the groom went into a corner out of sight and swore. The new Mrs. Bullmann, radiant in happy smiles, sat at the head of a long table and received the congratulations of Warden Finn, Keeper Robert Cunningham, Bookkeeper Richard Roden, and a number of Rev. Mr. Law's choristers and musicians. Then she drew from a roll of bills she had in a nice new pocketbook a \$2 bill and told her interpreter to give it to the minister with many thanks. The husband had by this time got his nose through the prison bars, and was intently studying Mike Dady's foundation for the new prison building. A policeman roused him and told him he must take his wife out of the jail. They walked up Centre street together. She took the stoop line and he the curb.

## SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sad event has cast a gloom over the Barnum-London shows. On Saturday afternoon, July 18, while the show was being exhibited at Nashua, N. H., James McCormack, professionally known as James Sweeney, was standing in the dressing-room entrance in charge of the large and vicious Asiatic elephant Albert, waiting until the beast should be called into the ring to carry Wm. Newman out at the conclusion of the performance of the trained elephants then in progress. While waiting there Fritz, another member of the herd, chanced to pass. The two elephants having long been enemies, Fritz's presence was the signal for an attack from Albert. As the latter essayed to strike at the former, Mr. Sweeney interfered, separating the two brutes. Infuriated at being foiled in his attempt, Albert turned on Sweeney, wrapped his trunk around him, raised him in the air and threw him against the ground with terrific force, the brute quickly following the man's body with his head and crushing it into the earth. Turning suddenly around, the elephant rushed toward the dressing-room, amid the cries and shrieks of the half-crazed performers, who were flying in every direction, regardless of the meagre state of their wardrobe. Just as Albert reached the door leading into the men's department he seemed to change his mind, and, being joined by Queen, another member of the herd, the two darted under the canvas and started down the street, to the horror of groups of bystanders, who seemed to be paralyzed with fear. George Arstingstall rushed after the escaping brutes, calling Albert by name. The maddened elephant turned in a defiant attitude, and lashed the air with his trunk. His ears were brought forward, his eyes flashed fire, and, with head erect, he prepared for an attack. Undeterred by the elephant's menacing appearance, although it seemed like inviting death, Arstingstall ran up to the elephant's head and plunged his hook into the beast's trunk, while the lookers-on turned away their faces in terror, expecting to see the trainer thrown into the air, a crushed and lifeless mass. As if nonplused at Arstingstall's bravery, Albert trumpeted the sign of submission, and was quickly led captive, together with Queen, back to the menagerie canvas.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Sweeney had been carried into the male dressing-room, and three physicians summoned. Examination disclosed the absence of broken bones, but revealed the presence of serious internal injuries. Everything possible was done for him, and he was solicited either to go to his home or be treated in an hospital, both of which he strenuously objected to, and insisted on being taken with the show. According to his request, a bed in the car was specially prepared for him, to which he was shortly afterward removed. During the night, while en route

for Keene, N. H., he was taken worse, and died about 5 o'clock Sunday morning, 19th, the immediate cause of death being a hemorrhage of the lungs. On arrival at Keene a coroner's inquest was held, after which the body was embalmed and placed in a handsome casket. Next morning the corpse was shipped to his home in Manchester, N. H., at the request of the unfortunate man's father, James McCormack was the son of John McCormack, a highly-respected citizen of Manchester, N. H., and was about twenty-five years of age. His only known relatives are a father, sister and brother, all of whom live in the same place. By a singular coincidence the deceased visited his home the day before his terrible accident, and, with his sister, went to the grave of their mother, where, together they planted flowers and vines, and performed other touching evidences of respect and love to her sacred memory. Of good habits, and a genial and obliging disposition, "Sweeney," as he was familiarly called, was liked and respected by every member of the Barnum show, with which he had been employed for two years past. On the afternoon of the 20th, Albert was taken to a ravine in the suburbs of Keene and killed. He was chained to four large trees, and the location of his heart and brain marked with chalk. Thirty-three members of the Keene Light Guard were then marshaled in line at sixteen paces, and at the word "Fire!" the same number of bullets penetrated the vital spots. The huge beast fell dead without a struggle. Albert was thirty years old, and had been used as a performing elephant until the last three months, when he had shown such temper that he was withdrawn from the trained herd. He was valued at about \$10,000. The remains have been donated to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. On the morning of the 20th Sweeney's corpse was escorted to the depot by the circus attaches, headed by the band.

## WHO IS SHE?

[With Portrait.]

The other afternoon the good people of Boston, Mass., were startled by the discovery of part of a woman who was found floating in the river tied up in a bag. The body was that of a large female, about 40 years of age, and to judge from the portion of the body discovered, she was probably 5 feet 8 inches tall. The shoulders were round and plump, and the arms were well shaped and tapered to small hands that were calloused on the inside, evidently caused by hard work. There are several other indications that she was accustomed to labor. The muscles of her arms were ridged and knotted to a degree never found on a lady who does no manual labor. On the outside of each arm were freckles, some extending nearly half way from the elbows to the shoulders. As freckles are caused by exposure to the sunlight, she was, no doubt, in the habit of working out-of-doors with her sleeves rolled up, the way she would if she had been washing. There were no freckles on the inside of either arm, because they were next to her body, and, therefore, shielded from the sun's rays.

The neck was large and shapely. It was probably about No. 13 or 14, counting by paper collar rule. Here the muscles were not so well developed as in the arms, but they were not absent by any means. Under the chin and extending toward the back of the neck an inch or more below the ears was an irregular livid line. The skin was not ruptured in any place, but the blood had settled under it as if some kind of compression had been applied previous to death. This ruddy band was considerably wider on either side of the windpipe than directly in front, suggesting that it had been caused by the two hands of some person who made an attack from front and subdued the victim by choking. Although this is merely a conjecture, the idea that death was caused or assisted by choking is strengthened when the tongue was examined. The lips, which were good-sized without being large, were slightly apart, and the jaws were opened enough to allow the tongue to protrude. It was congested and purple, like that of a person whose death was occasioned by choking.

One of the upper incisor teeth of the left side was gone. The two front upper teeth were wider than any of the others and flattened to the shape which popular phraseology terms shovel teeth.

The under teeth in front were smaller and placed irregularly, as if some had been crowded out of line by those that were cut later in life.

On her high, hemispherical forehead were several contusions, two of which were badly discolored, besides several smaller bruises and discolorations. The bridge of the nose at the point where it joins the forehead had received a very severe blow and was evidently broken. The eyes were dark hazel, full, though small. The lashes were long and dark, and the eyebrows were scant and arched. Her cheeks were not very full, and came down to a large double chin in easy curves. A wavy growth of dark chestnut hair covered her head back from a line extending from ear to ear over her crown. It was long, and hung loose down her back, not even a string or hairpin being used to retain it. Although she was a large woman she was not very fleshy, as there were no creases of fat around the wrists, such as are common in women with hands as small as hers. No rings of any kind were on her fingers. Several black and blue spots and some slight scratches were noticed on her face.

The police are fully satisfied that it's a horrible case of murder. The legs of the poor unfortunate were discovered floating in another part of the river done up in a sack of gunny cloth.

## CAPT. DAVID HARRIS.

[With Portrait.]

Capt. David Harris is a well-known sporting man and a man of high character, of South Brooklyn. He has always stood high in the estimation of persons with whom he has come in contact, through his amiable disposition, good heartedness and fair dealing. He is the proprietor of the Sea Beach Cafe, Third avenue Brooklyn. Capt. Harris was formerly well-known as a railroad man, and has lately undertaken the opening of a sporting house on the new baseball grounds at Coney Island, adjoining the Sea Beach depot.

## GEORGE LITTLE AND HIS DOG NELLY.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of George Little, the well-known dog fancier, and his famous brindle bitch, Nelly. The latter is the mother of Los Curtis' champion dog Jim.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC.

Dr. C. C. OLMSTEAD, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."



## BASEBALL.

## The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



Daniel Richardson, of the New York Club, who is one of the most promising young players in the baseball arena, was born at Elmira, N. Y., where he was educated. He learned to play ball while at college, and first came into prominence in 1883, when he made his debut on the Elmira *Telegram*. He received a position as a reporter and played with the office nine. His fine fielding and heavy batting soon gave him a reputation, and in the spring of 1884 he was engaged by the New Yorks, on the recommendation of Mike Dorgan. He made such a favorable impression on the New York public as well as on the management that he was re-engaged for the present season. He is regarded as one of the most valuable men on the team: is a first-class pitcher, an excellent in or out-fielder, a fine base-runner and a very heavy batter. He is at present laid up with a sprained ankle, but it is hoped he will be all right again in the course of a few weeks.

Roger Connor is finding the ball in great shape.

The Bostonians have concluded to drop Whiteley's head into the basket.

The New Yorks are now chasing the Chicago like a streak of greased lightning.

Esterbrook now togs up as a "dude." He believes in having the whole hog or none.

McKinnon is rapidly becoming as great a favorite in St. Louis as he was while playing in New York.

The Pittsburghs have shaken Richmond, as he did not prove to be the big man they had anticipated.

It seems as though the Hostons can play good ball against every club in the League except the Chicago.

Lucas is still hard at work protecting the cast-offs, he is now hugging up Sutcliffe, lately fired by the Chicago.

Arundell, of the Memphis Club, got rather too fresh, and was fined \$25 for shooting off his mouth at the umpire.

Billy McLean let Caruthers down easy, as he only fined him \$5 for his surplus lip, instead of \$505, as he should have done.

Jealousy of Clarkson's pitching, no doubt, gave Corcoran the sore arm, which resulted in his getting out of the Chicago Club.

Tommy Poorman has made quite a hit in Boston. He is doing well with the stick and is playing a strong game in the field.

Harry Wright has given Lynch his diploma as a ball player. This will be followed up by the toe of Harry's shoe twenty days later.

Another county heard from! The Biddens have turned up their toes this trip. It is the same old gag--lack of financial support.

Can it be possible that there is a league within the League to gouge the New Yorks out of the championship in order to give it to the Chicago?

An effort is being made to have twenty-five cent games played in St. Louis and Buffalo, in addition to the twenty-five cent games played at Philadelphia.

The Southern League management show lack of judgment and inexperience by allowing their umpires to officiate fifteen successive games in each city.

The Detroiters have thus far had twenty-five men under engagement this season, but they have persevered until they have at last struck a winning gait.

At Mexia, Tex., recently, in a coon game, one of the coons got so much excited that he smashed another over the head with a bat and fractured his skull.

Lucas is in hope of being able to play Sunday games next season, but, if he does, he will be a member of some other association than the National League.

Glasscock was pretty fly recently with Joe Start, and would about have brought up with a broken jaw if it had not been for the interference of the other players.

Louis Say is still alive, and has worked his way up into the New York State League. He is now playing with the Utica Club, and if he leaves the booze alone he will be all right, as he is a first-class ball-player when he leaves liquor alone.

Al. Reach went all the way to Buffalo to gobble up Richardson, but the Buffalos who had sent for him weakened, and Al. had his long journey for nothing.

It looks as though the Chicago were a trifle "previous" when they swing a pennant with 1886 on it, when the New Yorks are so close in their wake in the race for the championship.

Old orator Shafer made himself the laughing-stock at the Polo Grounds during the New York-St. Louis game of July 25 by the perpetual style in which he wagged his tongue.

How the Louisville Club can play ball on its own grounds! Away from home it is only a second-rate club, but in Kentucky nothing is too big for it to tackle.---*Philadelphia Record*.

Milwaukee would like to get into the League in case the Buffalos drop out, but there are other cities far superior to Milwaukee that are only too anxious to fill the vacancy.

Clarkson has been doing very fine work for Chicago this season, but outside of Clarkson the club has little to boast of in the shape of a pitcher, as McCormick has seen his best days.

Barnie has made a great many glaring errors this season in his management, having released some of the very best men in his team, and filled their places with the refuse from other clubs.

The Bostonians have a nice way of making a man play ball whether he is able to do so or not, for with them it is no play so pay. Joe Hornung, though really not fit to be out of the house, is compelled to get out and play ball or starve.

The New Yorks would like to have Richardson, of the Buffalos, and they are willing to pay pretty big money for him, but they will hardly be successful, as the Buffalos have already received an offer of \$2,000 for him from the Philadelphia.

It seems a shame that no man is able to umpire at St. Louis, the press, as well as the spectators and club, want everything, and unless the umpire makes every decision in their favor they pounce on him like a pack of hungry wolves, and abuse him out of all character.

The management of the Nashville Club during this extremely warm weather have been obliged to place a strong police force on the grounds to prevent the spectators from becoming overheated, as there is nothing so cooling and refreshing as a policeman's club to a man who does not know how to behave himself on the base-ball field.

Vinton, of the Phillies, is a regular Yankee in his business transactions. He looks closely after the dollars and cents, is as sharp as a steel trap and as close as a vise, but perfectly square. All of which is praiseworthy, as if Vinton doesn't look out for Vinton nobody else will. It's a pity more ball players are not fashioned after the same pattern.---*Sporting Life*.

Manager Volta, of Chattanooga, has a mascot in the shape of a small coon, a little off color. Cross rubbed his hands through his hair and knocked the ball over the fence, Lewis fired it, and Hurd dropped the small fly he knocked. Memphis would like to sign that coon, for the exclusive use of T. O'Brien.---*Exchange*.

Charlie Fulmer is making his presence known in Portland, Me., where he is ruling with a high hand. He cut up a shine a few days since in a game with the Beacons, of Boston, whereby he deliberately beat them out of the game through a slight technicality. Charlie is up to all the tricks in the trade and he has always got his eye peeled to get an advantage over his opponent.

The Memphis people were very much disappointed in not having De France umpire their recent games. He is a great favorite in the town, and they were all very anxious to see him, especially since he tried to have the Memphis Club kicked out of the Southern League in favor of Savannah. They looked upon it as a great act of kindness, and the citizens, with one accord, even to the female portion of the population, were anxious to give him a warm reception, but he was sick and could not go, and the Memphis people were disappointed.

The Eastern League were guilty of a dishonorable and dirty piece of business by the cowardly manner in which they went about firing Diddlebock for Ballard. There did not seem to be a person in the whole association who had manhood enough to let Diddlebock know that the meeting was to be held, but like a lot of cowards and sneaks they held the meeting in violation of their own rules, and the first intimation their president had, who is the only man who can call a special meeting, was a letter from his successor telling him that he had been dismissed for general incompetency and lack of interest in the affairs of the League, and demanding all the papers, books and funds in the possession of Mr. Diddlebock. The baseball men throughout the country all sympathize with Mr. Diddlebock, not particularly as to his having the right end of the whip, but through the cowardly manner in which the whole business was done. No matter who the man is, he is certainly entitled to a hearing before he is publicly disgraced in such a manner as this.

"Rooney" Sweeney was released from the St. Louis Club on Thursday, and when paid off he had quite a roll of money. Just to blow in a dollar or two before leaving the town, "Rooney," accompanied by Dan Devinney, hired a fine team of grays and a park wagon from Ely's stable. This was at 10 o'clock Thursday morning. At 3 o'clock, Friday morning, eleven hours behind time, a messenger boy drove the team into Ely's. Both the grays looked ready for the bone-yard, and Ely at that moment would have sold them for a song. Their whole appearance showed that they had been driven nearly to death. Several men in the stable armed themselves with clubs and horsewhips and started out in search of "Rooney." He must have been told of their coming, however, for before daybreak he was seen in the Relay Depot, East St. Louis, waiting for the first East-bound train.---*St. Louis Sunday Sayings*.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The race for the championship of the National League is still extremely interesting. The New Yorks have gained considerably on the Chicago since our last issue. They were then five games in the rear of the Chicago, now they are but two, and it is thought before the close of another week they will once more reach the head of the list. It is almost a settled fact that the Providence Club will end in third place and

the Philadelphia in fourth. The other four clubs of the association, however, St. Louis, Detroit, Boston and Buffalo, are so evenly matched in playing strength that it will be a hard matter to form any estimate as to the order in which they will close the season. The playing strength of the New York and Chicago clubs has been so vastly superior to that of the other six League clubs that none of the others are really of any account in the race, as the Providence and Philadelphia teams are the only ones who have made a reasonable showing, and they are so far behind the leading teams that there is no prospect of either of them coming to the front. The following table shows the complete record up to and including the games of July 27:

CLUBS.	Boston.	Buffalo.	Chicago.	Detroit.	New York.	Philadelphia.	Providence.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston.....	10	5	1	3	1	5	1	5	21
Buffalo.....	5	10	0	3	1	5	1	5	20
Chicago.....	1	0	10	3	1	5	1	5	20
Detroit.....	3	3	3	10	1	5	1	5	21
New York.....	1	1	1	1	10	5	1	5	23
Philadelphia.....	5	5	5	5	1	10	1	5	23
Providence.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	10	5	23
St. Louis.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	23
Games lost.....	41	42	14	41	15	23	39	248	

## AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The St. Louis Club have taken such a heavy lead in the race for the championship of the American Association that there is no ghost of a show of any of the other clubs overtaking them. They are, in fact, so far ahead that all the interest has been almost taken out of the race. The Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville clubs, however, are making such a hard fight for second place that it is really the redeeming feature in the race. They stand now in the order mentioned, but they are so closely clustered together that there is liable to be a change almost any day. The four Eastern clubs have not the slightest prospect of going beyond fifth place, as the foremost of the Eastern clubs, the Athletics, of Philadelphia, are now nine games in the rear of the Louisvilles, who are bringing up the tail end of the four Western clubs. The Metropolitans of this city may just as well pass in their checks, as they have not a ghost of a show to even catch on to seventh place. The following table shows the complete record up to and including July 27:

CLUBS.	Athletic.	Baltimore.	Brooklyn.	Cincinnati.	Louisville.	Metropolitan.	Pittsburg.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Athletic.....	3	2	5	5	5	7	3	30	
Baltimore.....	2	4	5	5	5	3	3	22	
Brooklyn.....	5	5	4	5	5	3	3	22	
Cincinnati.....	7	6	9	4	10	3	3	41	
Louisville.....	7	7	5	4	4	8	5	39	
Metropolitan.....	3	3	3	2	4	5	3	22	
Pittsburg.....	3	3	3	2	4	5	3	22	
St. Louis.....	5	9	10	5	2	9	6	41	
Games lost.....	39	41	42	30	31	45	29	277	

Who is this Milwaukee who is "on time" and wants to increase his \$500 bet to \$1,000? He makes five statements and backs them up \$500 to each statement. We will take him up and give him odds of 10 to 1. We are ready to pull out all the money that is in Milwaukee. His first statement is that Milwaukee is the best drawing town in the United States, his next that New York does not contain 125,000 inhabitants; third, that Milwaukee has 8,000,000 inhabitants; fourth, that there were not 300 people, turnstile count, at the New York-Chicago game; and fifth, that Milwaukee drew 400,000 people, on a rainy day at that. We have no objection to Mr. Richter being the referee and stakeholder, but we would like to have had a mortgage on *Sporting Life* before Mr. Richter got the money into his hands. Boasting Milwaukee winds up his report with a libelous assertion that Spalding tried to steal Baldwin, and that he could prove it. This we will force him to do, as Spalding was never known to steal even a base in his life, which assertion we can prove by every ball-player in the country. Now come, Mr. "Qui Vive," put up or shut up.

## A FALSEHOOD NAILED.

An irresponsible penny-a-liner recently set going in a New York daily newspaper a malicious statement that the prizes of the Louisiana State Lottery Company are paid to persons in its employ, and not honestly drawn and paid.

This lie has been copied here and there into journals unfriendly to the Company, and readers not aware of the facts are likely to be affected by them.

An Ohio correspondent clips it from a local weekly and writes the Company on the 6th inst. to ask if there is any truth in it.

Let Generals Beauregard and Early, who have the entire charge of all the Company's drawings, answer not only this correspondent, but all whose faith in the Company has been disturbed by this and similar calumnious paragraphs. Read the exact language of Generals Beauregard and Early in the following statement, to which their names are signed:

The charges, insinuations, and innuendoes contained in said publication are false in every respect, so far as they affect the fairness of the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery or the integrity of the acts of the Lottery Company. When the undersigned had charge only of the semi-annual drawings they counted the tubes containing the numbers previous to each of those drawings to be certain that all were put in the wheel. Since they have had charge of the monthly drawings also, the wheel has been under their exclusive control, and after each drawing they have restored all the drawn numbers to the wheel, locked it, and sealed it in such manner as to render it impossible for the numbers to be reached or interfered with without their knowledge. They have thus been always certain that all the numbers were in the wheel at each drawing, and they alone are responsible for the integrity of the drawings.

The intimation that persons have been paid to allow their names to be published as the winners of prizes in this Lottery is also false and without the slightest foundation in fact. Millions of dollars have been paid out by the Company in prizes through the banks and express agencies, as can be ascertained from the bank officers in New Orleans and the Express Agents in New York, Washington City, and in this city, as well as from the winners of the prizes whose names have been given to the public.

Signed, G. T. BEAUREGARD, } Com'rs.  
J. A. EARLY, }

NEW ORLEANS, July 14th.

## GRANT.

The Scene of the Hero's Death--Some of the Incidents of the Week at Mount McGregor.

[Subject of Illustration.]

This week we illustrate with the liberality and truthfulness which has always characterized this paper, the principal scenes and incidents of the past week at Mount McGregor. Thus is the nation enabled to observe, as if it were the actual spectacle, the surroundings and conditions of its beloved and heroic dead.

## THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

By order of Maj.-Gen. Hancock, Battery A, of the Fifth Artillery, Capt. Beck commanding, stationed at Fort Columbus, started early the morning of July 29, for Mt. McGregor for special service as part of the guard over the remains of Gen. Grant. The command numbers forty men. They were in the uniform and arms of the infantry service. Capt. Beck is instructed to report for instructions to Col. Roger Jones. Another detachment ordered to proceed without delay to Mt. McGregor is Light Battery D of the Fourth Artillery stationed at Fort Adams, near Newport. This battery numbers forty men, in command of Capt. Egan. Four rifled field guns of 800 pounds weight each are to be taken with the detachment to Mt. McGregor.

Gen. Hancock has been appealed to by all sorts and conditions of men for permission to ride on the funeral train from Mt. McGregor to Saratoga, and thence to New York city. Yesterday he said that Col. Roger Jones had written to him from Albany that it would be impossible to transport to Saratoga from Mt. McGregor more than 250 persons all told by the train which is to carry Gen. Grant's remains. Consequently not one in forty of those who applied for passes could be accommodated. The road is narrow gauge, and there are only eight cars to be had. On arriving in Saratoga, however, the train may be made larger.

The route of the funeral procession on Saturday, Aug. 8, will be:

From the City Hall to Broadway, up Broadway to Fourteenth street, to Fifth avenue, to One Hundred and Tenth street, to the Boulevard, to One Hundred and Twenty-second street, in all more than nine miles.

A procession of 200,000 men, marching in close order, sixteen files front, would be ten miles long, and to make the procession at all manageable it will probably be necessary to cut down and limit very rigidly the numbers of those bodies which expect to join in the nine-mile march. The procession will probably move early in the morning.

The point where the Riverside Park will be entered is not determined. It has been decided that the body of Gen. Grant shall lie in state on the main floor of the City Hall, opposite the front entrance, and at the foot of the staircase leading to the second floor. Here two lines of people can pass at once.

## THE SITE OF GRANT'S TOMB.

Riverside Park begins, according to the records of the Park Department, at Seventy-second street, from which street, if you are driving, you turn, just before reaching the Hudson river, into a broad roadway at a point where, on the left, there has been an obvious but ill-advised attempt at an imposing boulevard entrance. A curiously shaped plaza, which gives you the impression that a landscape gardener has been practicing "effects" and has been called away before he is quite done, flanks the turnout of Seventy-second street on the left, and on the right rise the brick walls of the old Bloomingdale (now called the "New York") Orphan Asylum.

The drive is broad, magnificently wide, in fact, making room for many carriages and an army of equestrians. It is beautiful in the splendid views of the Hudson River, which it furnishes you on your left, and in most stretches attractive if you look to the right, because of the innumerable picturesque buildings--residences of private citizens--which line that side of the road. You are riding on the bluff of the Hudson--the "First Mesa," as they would say in the West--and the view of the river, alive with sailing craft and steam vessels is entrancing. At times the bluff widens out towards the west, and as the road you are traversing keeps in a straight course there is room for bits of lawn between the drive and the bluff's edge. In one of these widenings, at a point where Eighty-eighth street would be were it cut through, are a few circular-beds of bright colored flowers, and a green triangle, in the centre of which stands a small bronze statue of Gen. George Washington, which was cast and erected by the pennies of the public-school children of the city.

Before reaching this point in the drive you have crossed a place where the bluff comes close up against the roadway, and where from the overhanging road you are able to look down upon the brickyards at Eightieth street and see the sleeping luggers of the river loading and unloading at the old wharves. And then you cross a wooden bridge and on your right see looming up the walls of the Catholic Reformatory for Women.

There is a magnificent view of the Hudson at this point, the river rolling away northward like a great, broad ribbon of blue. At Ninety-second street begins a three-foot high stone wall, which skirts the western edge of the drive, and breaks water. If you alight at any spot and look over the wall you will see a thickly wooded side hill running precipitously down toward the railroad tracks. It is practically unimproved property, and it would be difficult to imagine any way that it could be utilized by the residents of New York for pleasure-seeking purposes, but it is, nevertheless, all included within the limits of Riverside Park, and is, in fact, about all of Riverside Park that there is.

## A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On our front page this week we publish a scene of daily occurrence in the rural districts. The newly-married couple in search of "an elegant country cottage with every modern convenience," is depicted in tow of the honest farmer, who, if he collars his victims, is generous enough to treat to a gulp of hard cider.

## OPERA BOUFFERS IN SWIMMING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we illustrate the daily ocean dip, at Atlantic City, of Catherine Lewis and her associate artists.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.





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## THE LAST SCENES AND INCIDENTS AROUND THE DEAD HERO AT MT. MCGREGOR.

- I.--The U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., of Brooklyn, Watching over the Remains of Their Old Commander. II.--A Rustic Family on the Road to Mt. McGregor to Attend the Funeral Services. III.--The Favorite Chair on the Veranda at the Cottage Where the General Spent His Last Days. IV.--Ladies at Saratoga Draping Their Apartments at the Fashionable Hotels. V.--Indecent Haste of Curious Women Who Wanted to View the Remains at the Cottage. VI.--The Selected Site at Riverside Park, New York, Where the Great Citizen Will be Buried.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenal Events of the Week.

A son of Tom Sayers, the great pugilist, is a reporter on an Australian paper.

Mike Cleary is in bad health and is stopping at the Byron Mineral Springs, California.

George Taylor, the colored light-weight champion of New York, is sparring in Fall River, Mass.

Bill Goode, the English pugilist, will shortly come to this country to challenge Charles Mitchell and Jack Burke.

The Herald-Doyle glove fight at Shenandoah, Pa., July 18, resulted in Doyle getting knocked out in the first round.

Bill Bradburn and Frank Glover are matched to fight in the Chicago Stock Yards, with hard gloves, to a finish, in August.

Charley Norton, the retired light-weight champion, has just recovered from a very serious illness. He is now living in Newark, N. J.

Billy Dacey, with his backer, called at the "Police Gazette" office on July 24 and stated that when Frank White put up any money at that office, that he would cover it and arrange a match.

Frederick Gilbert, champion heavy weight of Dakota, and A. C. Goldsmith, champion of Minnesota, are matched to fight to a finish, Marquis of Queensbury rules, with hard gloves, Aug. 2, within fifty miles of St. Paul.

Jack Dempsey nearly killed Jack Keenan, a New Yorker, and the light-weight champion of California, July 20. They fought near San Francisco with bare hands for \$200 a side, and Dempsey won in the fifth round.

The glove contest for \$150 a side between Jack Farmer, of White Pigeon, Mich., and Jack Welch, of Des Moines, Ia., was decided near Des Moines. Eighty-two rounds were fought, when Farmer was declared the winner. Time, 2 hours 43 minutes.

There is a young pugilist in California named John Hergat, called Young Mitchell, who has won all his fights—ten in number. He is but seventeen years old and weighs 135 pounds in trim. When twenty-one he will fill out to 190 pounds at least and will bear watching.

On July 27, at Frisco, Tom Cleary and Jim Carr, middle weights, met in a fight to the finish for \$250 a side, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Nineteen rounds were fought when the ring was broken into and a free fight ensued, whereupon the referee decided the fight a draw.

Lees and Farnan, the Australian pugilists, fought to a finish with small gloves, under Queensbury rules, for \$250 a side and the championship of Australia in a 24-foot ring a few miles from Melbourne May 19. In the twelfth round Farnan was knocked out of time, while Lees was comparatively fresh.

A prize fight is said to have taken place in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 24, between Thomas G. Anderson, a colored pugilist of New York, and Matt Levy, of Greenpoint. After 5 rounds, in which Anderson showed the best advantage both in science and hard hitting, the victory was awarded to Levy on a foul.

A brief but severe hard glove fight took place at the Leadville, Colo., Ball Park, on the 18th inst., the principals being Jack Lawrence, of California, and Harry Harrison, of Leadville. The latter had the best of it in the first round, but in the next and last one Lawrence got in a terrific crack on Harrison's jaw, which laid him unconscious upon his back, and he was awarded the stakes, \$400.

Bernard Kelly and James Wilson fought 16 rounds, with soft gloves, at a sporting resort in San Francisco, July 6. In the last round Kelly suddenly fell unconscious on his face. All efforts to revive him were fruitless, and he was removed to the hospital, where he died soon after. An autopsy showed that death resulted from cerebral hemorrhage. Wilson was arrested and confined in the city prison to await the result of the coroner's inquest.

The following explains itself:

MEMPHIS, TENN., July 22, 1885.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR:

DEAR SIR: I see a card in the GAZETTE where myself and Tom Walling was to fight at Portland. I did not know anything about it until I got to San Francisco. If Walling wants to fight me I will be only happy to meet him in Portland. I will go back there and fight him as I want to make a little money. I hope I will not hear any more paper talk from Mr. Walling, as I am willing to fight any one.

BILLY LYNN.

The following explains itself:

BANGOR, ME., July 25.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR:

SIR: I see that Billy Frazier is still talking fight to me. He promises to do me up inside of eight rounds if I will meet him in September. I think it is about time to close this dispute up. The only way to settle it as I see, is to fight to a finish. I would be only too glad to accommodate Mr. Frazier, and will fight him in Fall River, Boston or Bangor, or any place that can be agreed upon. I will cover any amount of money that Mr. Frazier cares to put up. He will soon learn that I mean business, and I am ready to make arrangements with him at any time preparatory to the fight convenient to him.

MICHAEL DALRY.

Light-weight champion of New England.

The following visitors called at this office during the past week: Julius Meyer, Walter Madison, Joe Foley, Wm. Betts, Jr.; Joe List, Wm. Macken, Wm. Jones, James Williams, John Betts, Harry Woods, D. Loyd, Alex. McIntosh, Thos. Murtagh, G. B. Raymond, Charles McKenzie, Milton Penbrooke, Michael G. Price, Harry Bethune, Gus. Brandt, Wm. Hahn, Harry Webber, Dave Freilich, Bob Smith, Prof. Thos. Brannan, Florie Barnett, John Wood, Gus. Sundstrom, Gus. Hill, Samuel Yates, Thad. Meagham, M. Donohue, Dennis F. Butler, Jos. Loyd, Geo. Smith; Geo. R. Brett, Decatur, Ill.; Al. Marks, Ed. Mallahan; John Gillen, Boston; Joseph Gaffney, Brooklyn; Billy Dacey, Mr. Diveney, James Mackay, James Jones, Matsada Sorakichi, Prof. Wm. Clark.

The following was received at this office, July 24:

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR:

LARAMIE, WYO., July 20, 1885.

While looking through your valuable paper of the 15th inst., I saw an item in which it said Cheyenne was willing to back Hynds against Burke, the Irish lad. Now, I would like to say a few words. I tried to make a match with Hynds and Dempsey, the light weight, and Hynds refused. He was evidently afraid of him, so what is the use of their trying to deceive the public in saying he will fight Burke? You could not get him in front of Burke with a pair of Norman stations. Clow is not afraid to fight Dempsey or any one else, but Sullivan, and he has a reputation, which Hynds has not won yet, and after the 1st of August, when he meets John F. Clow, he won't care about fighting any one for six months.

Yours truly, FRANK HAYES.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Alf. Austin, G. B. Bunnell, J. B. Bag, P. T. Barnum, J. L. Crothy, Col. Cunningham, A. M. Clark, Jim Cooper (2), William Delaney, Jack Dempsey, John Fitzgerald, Tommy Ferguson, John Frankland, James W. Fullbrook, Chas. E. Greene, H. C. Gordon, Miss Edna Gray, Edward M. Grant, Miss Annie Hart, John T. Tharrett, Denis Hanley (2), Gus Hill, Tom Hall, H. M. Johnson, Samuel Irwin, J. Kilrain, John J. Liden, Charles Mitchell (4), Eph Morris, Patry Murphy, J. J. Montgomery, Jim Mac (2), John Mackay, John McAuliffe, John McMahon, W. H. Newell, John S. Prince, Duncan C. Ross (2), Sol Smith Russell, Wm. Riley James Skipper, Wm. Smith, C. G. Travis, C. Wannop, Clarence Whistler, J. M. Wales, Frank White, Bob Ingersoll, G. B. Morris.

We have received the following from Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass.:

Boston, July 25, 1885.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR:

It has been stated in a certain sporting paper that Michael Daly, of Bangor, Me., has more than held his own in two fights with me.

In reply to this I wish to state that I never had but one fight with Mr. Daly. I then fought him 4 rounds and got the better of him, although I had to fight with one hand, I breaking my right hand the first blow I struck. Our next so-called battle was merely a friendly set-to, in which neither of us made any attempt at hard fighting. I do not think that Mr. Daly has caused these mis-statements to be made, but for the sake of my own reputation and effectually settle the matter I make him the following proposition: I will fight him 8 rounds with hard gloves for a purse—no matter how small—or for gate receipts, either in Fall River or Bangor. I will also offer to make him a private bet of \$100 or less that I will stop him within the 8 rounds, we to spar at 130 or 133 pounds. I enclose \$25 as forfeit money to show that I mean business. At any time that may be convenient to Mr. Daly I will meet him and make all arrangements. Yours truly,

BILLY FRAZIER, light-weight champion of America.

Patrick Slattery called at the "Herald" office, Rochester, N. Y., and stated that he desired to challenge any one in western New York to a sparring contest for \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Slattery prefers meeting either Hess, of Elmira; Hughes, of Buffalo, or Shewman, of Rochester. No one, he says, has met him in the ring since he defeated Hughes a year ago at the bay. He still holds the title of champion of western New York, and as he has no desire for a prize-ring notoriety, he wishes this to be a final contest. He is continually receiving challenges, even being the sum total for the last two weeks. In the next issue of the Herald the following appeared: "A special dispatch from the Buffalo Times was received at this office: 'William Baker to-night accepted Patrick Slattery's challenge for a glove fight and deposited \$25 forfeit with the Times. Baker is the present champion of western New York.' " A meeting was arranged between the rival pugilists, and the following articles of agreement were signed:

BATAVIA, July 14, 1885.

Articles of Agreement entered into this day between Mr. Patrick Slattery, of Rochester, and Mr. Wm. Baker, of Buffalo. We, the undersigned, agree to box to a finish with 4-ounce gloves, according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, six weeks from date for \$500 a side. The name of the place to be hereafter decided upon, and the winner to have sixty-five per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser to have thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts after all expenses are paid. The money to be deposited in the office of the Morning Herald, of Rochester, and thence forwarded to the office of the Police Gazette, which is to be the final stakeholder. One hundred dollars to be deposited this 14th day of July, 1885. The second deposit of \$100 to be made on the 28th day of July, 1885. The third deposit of \$300 to be made three days before the fight. Either man failing to deposit his money on either of the above dates shall forfeit all.

WITNESSES: HARRY GREEN, PATRICK E. SLATTERY, WM. BAKER.

There is every prospect of an international prize fight for \$7,500 a side, between Jim Carney, the light-weight champion of England, and Jack Dempsey, who holds the light-weight championship of this country. About three months ago Dempsey's backer authorized a challenge to be sent to England, offering to match Dempsey against Carney, to contend with gloves or without gloves, for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side. Carney had just been victorious over Isaacs, in a prize ring encounter, for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship of England. He opened a sporting house, the "Highland Laddie," and done a flourishing business, so that he paid no attention to the challenge. Having been informed by Alf. Greenfield, that Dempsey could be matched against him for \$5,000, he asked the advice of his backer, and the latter agreed to match him to meet Dempsey. He has sold out the "Highland Laddie" and is coming to this country, as will be seen by the following letter:

BIRMINGHAM, ENGL., July 18, 1885.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR:

DEAR SIR:—I have sold out my sporting house, the "Highland Laddie," and with my backer have decided to again visit America. Please state in your paper that I accept the recent challenge issued by Jack Dempsey, the light weight champion of America, and on my arrival in New York will be prepared to stake \$200 (\$1,000 or \$2,500) a side, to meet Dempsey in a 24-foot ring, London prize-ring rules, for the championship of light weights of the world, the match to be decided six or eight weeks from signing articles. The Sporting Life, London, or the Police Gazette to be final stakeholder. I write you so that you can publish my intention of meeting the American champion, so that there will be no delay in arranging a match on my arrival in New York.

Yours, JAMES CARNEY.

Carney is considered one of the greatest pugilists in England at his weight. On his arrival he will be readily accommodated with a match for any amount from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Gus Tutthill, Dempsey's backer, said yesterday: "I have been looking to back Dempsey against Carney for the past eight months. On his arrival I will match Dempsey to fight him for all the money he wants to put up." A match between Dempsey and the English light weight champion, will create a furore. Carney was in this country in 1881. He was brought over by Orway Georgehan, with Sam Breeze, Jimmy Walden, and Charley Hipkins, and appeared for several months in boxing exhibitions in the "Old House at Home," 103 Bowery. He left New York to fight Jimmy Highland for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of England. He fought Highland and killed him in the ring. He was arrested and tried for manslaughter, and sentenced to serve six months' imprisonment. On his release he issued a challenge to fight any man, his weight, in the world, but no one dared to meet him until Isaacs challenged him to fight for the title and \$1,000. The fight took place, and after one of the most desperate battles ever fought Carney won.

At Sacramento, Cal., recently, there was a glove contest between Charles Lange, the so-called "Ohio Wonder," and Thomas Norton, of that city. The match was for \$200 a side, and Lange contracted to knock Norton out in four 3 minute rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Previous to the event of the evening there were set-toes between a number of ambitious young sloggers, the most scientific one being between Ed. O'Hare and a San Francisco representative. These were tame, however, compared to the fun that followed, when two young men—one being introduced as "Young Scotty," and the other a Sacramento youth—came into the ring. "Young Scotty" started in as if he intended to demolish his opponent in a few short rounds, but when he saw he was not matching for him he lost his temper, threw off his gloves, and began slugging blows with his bare fists at the face of the Sacramento, who retained his gloves and warded off the attack of the fiery-tempered young man. Finally the two clinched and fell heavily. Scotty's head striking one of the posts to which the ropes were attached, when officer Sullivan put an end to the scene by springing on the stage, seizing the slogger who had discarded the gloves, and pitching him head foremost behind the scenes. "Scotty, of Brooklyn," otherwise P. Brannigan, was chosen referee for the occasion. Steve Maroney and W. P. Eldred officiating as time-keepers. Duncan C. Ross seconded Lange, and Ike Simmons acted in a similar capacity for Norton. The Sacramento was first to enter the ring. He was in excellent condition, and was greeted with hearty applause. Lange soon followed, his burly proportions being in strong contrast to those of Norton, who is 50 pounds lighter. In the first and second rounds Norton forced the fighting, and it was soon apparent that he was the best sparrer of the two. Lange did nothing but defend himself. Norton got in several heavy blows on the Ohioan, receiving vicious applause. In the third round Lange developed more spirit, and fought Norton around the ring savagely, striking him hard blows and receiving but few in return. When time was called for the fourth round, the audience, which had become greatly worked up over Norton's success, rushed down to the edge of the stage, and were only kept from clambering thereon by the presence of officer Sullivan, who barred the way. The round was uninteresting, however, as there were only clinches and "breaking away" to the close, and Norton was declared the winner, amid great cheering. Norton was smiling and cheerful at the close of the contest, and remained on the stage receiving the congratulations of friends, whilst Lange went immediately to his dressing-room and seemed badly blown and distressed. Duncan C. Ross offered afterwards to match Lange against Norton for a fight to the finish, but the latter declined, saying that it was no use for him to fight a man so much his superior in weight, but offering to "stand off" any man of his weight in the country. Ross then proposed another match, Lange to knock Norton out in 6 rounds, and Norton said he would give him his answer later. Slade, the Maori, who was in the audience, was heard to express the opinion that Lange could not knock Norton out in 20 rounds.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

## SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Tom O'Hara is the latest jockey acquisition to the Pate stable.

The Peoria Bicycle Club will start off on their Northern tour on Aug. 15.

Murphy, the colored Fred. Archer, has not been engaged to ride for Lucky Baldwin.

The members of the Buffalo Driving Club talk of giving an \$8,000 meeting early in September.

Wanda, by imp. Mortimer, is the largest winner of the year so far, being credited with over \$25,000.

Sir Richard Sutton, owner of the Genesta, arrived in this city on the steamship Etruria, on July 24.

In 1886 the Monmouth Park Association announce their intention to give \$150,000 in purses and added money.

Gabe Case lost nearly \$1,000 on Majolica. Gabe should take his tips from the "Referee," and not the horsemen.

James Wilson, the well-known driver, trainer and race-horse owner of Rochester, N. Y., died recently at Coney Island.

Entries for the Washington Park Club Breeders' Trotting meeting, from Sept. 22 to 26, have closed with fifty-seven entries.

The annual cruise of the New Haven Yacht Club, will begin on Aug. 8 from Thimble Island, and its full regatta will be sailed Oct. 17.

Thomas Lorgan, an Englishman, beat J. Stewart, of Erie, Pa., in 26 hours' wobble at Erie, July 17 and 18, by 13 miles. Lorgan covered 108 miles.

At Pittsburgh, July 23, an unfinished 5:40 pace was won by Flora Wilkes in three straight heats; Fred. V. second, Daniel S. third. Time, 2:27, 2:28, 2:27 1/2.

Harry Wilkes won the free-for-all trot at Pittsburgh on July 23, in three straight heats, Phyllis was second in each heat, Epaulotte third. Fastest heat, 2:19 1/2.

A chicken main was contested at Laramie, Wyo., on July 17, between birds belonging to Cuth and Rice, of Laramie. Five battles were fought, Cuth's birds winning four.

The Shawmut Boat Club, of Boston, are considering the advisability of entering a crew in the 8-oared shell-race at the National regatta. The club regatta is fixed for Aug. 17.

Recently, Lewis Moore, a famous cellar-and-elbow wrestler, died at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, in Chicago, from injuries received in a wrestling match a few days before.

On July 23, at Pittsburgh, John Splan, the well-known driver, was arrested at the instance of the Humane Society, for alleged cruelty in using the whip when driving.

John Connors, the wrestler, who defeated Edwin Bibby, in Scranton, Pa., is out with a challenge to wrestle any man in the world at catch-as-catch-can style for \$500 a side.

Canada beat the Western Cricket Association at Chicago, on the 21st inst., by seven wickets. In a return match the Canadians scored 45 and the Association 60 in the first inning.

George Cartwright was successful in an attempt to run 21 miles on a public road in England in 2 hours 10 minutes, July 3. He covered the distance in 2 hours 5 minutes, 50 seconds, winning \$100.

The owner of Harry Wilkes, Mr. Manoe, is willing to match his horse against Phyllis, the winner to take two-thirds of the gate. The Phyllis party will consider the proposition after the race with Majolica.

A canine controversy, for \$100 a side, between Jingo, owned in Cincinnati, and Brookie, of South Covington, Ky., took place in Boone County, Ky., July 18. Brookie won after fighting 1 hour and 34 minutes.

Giovanni Sagunt, of Rome, Italy, purchased Zee B. after the race at Homewood Park, on the 17th, for \$10,000, after he had seen her trotting heats in 2:17 1/2 and 2:17 1/2. Richard K. Fox offered \$8,000 for Zee B. in 1884.

The Troy Bicycle Club will hold a tournament on Island Park, between Troy and Albany, on Sept. 3. There will be eleven events, one 5-mile and the rest short-distance races, which will make it a lively race meeting.

At Montreal, on July 23, in the second day's play of the international cricket match, between the Eastern Association of Canada, and the Longwoods, of Boston, the former scored 81 runs, thus giving the match to the Longwoods, who won in one inning and 73 runs.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on July 25, Maud S. trotted a mile in 2:11. The intention was to give her a warm mile, and she was sent to the first quarter-pole in 34 1/2. She was going so smoothly that Bar gave her the rein, and she went the second quarter in 33 1/2 and the last half in 1:04.

A catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$800 at Scranton, Pa., July 20, between John Gradstein of Scranton, and Mike Calvey of Pleasant Valley, was terminated by Calvey being thrown from the stage with a broken arm. He was, of course, unable to come to time and Grady was awarded the match.

T. M. Malone was defeated by M. Learnihan in a match at hurdling, 120, 150 and 200 yards, ten hurdles at each distance, at the Eastern Oval, Ballarat, Aus., in May last. Learnihan, who was the non-favorite, won the 200 and 120 yards events, which rendered the running of the middle distance unnecessary.

In the canoe races at Put In Bay, Cleveland, O., on July 23, Harry Gardner, of Cleveland, won the first race, 1 mile, paddling in 11 minutes, 19 1/2 seconds. The second race was won by P. W. Keith, of Cleveland, in 13 minutes, 34 1/2 seconds, and the third (half mile) race by Harry Gardner in 5 minutes 59 1/2 seconds.

The Pittsburgh "Commercial," July 25, says: "It is now well known that there was shameless crookedness in the management of the Teemer regatta. It is stated that those who participated did not get one-half the money promised and that Teemer allowed himself to be beaten, so that those who had charge of the affair could get even on the pools."

M. J. Hapenny, the well-known runner, at Canton, O., on the 17th inst. ran under the name of Palmer, and, beside the \$400 in stakes won, he and his partners scooped in from \$700 to \$800 from unsuspecting victims. Hapenny, it appears, lived off one or two of the Canton sports all last winter, and it was these he mulcted out of considerable money.

W. G. George, the amateur champion runner of England, and W. Cummings, the professional champion, are to have two great races in London, one of 4 miles and the other of 10 miles. The purse is \$1,500 a side in each race, and the winner of both races is to take \$3,000. Sir John Astley will present the winner with a gold watch as a mark of his particular esteem.

The regatta of the Apokeeping Boat Club was held at Foughkepa, N. Y., on July 23. F. O'Brien won the single-oar race, 3 miles, in 17 minutes 53 1/2 seconds, and Messrs. Fonda, Eastman and Wood the gig race in 17 minutes 50 1/2 seconds. In the four-oared shell race between the Laureates of Troy and the Apokeeping crew the latter were badly beaten. Time 13 minutes.

During a cricket game between the Croydon Mechanics and the Waddon Gas Co., in London, July 4, Henry Street, of the first named club, was batting to the bowling of George Snelling, when the ball struck Street behind the left ear, knocking him down. Medical assistance was summoned, but the unfortunate man's injuries proved fatal. The deceased was twenty-two years of age.

Six of the fastest runners of the New York Athletic Club competed for the valuable "Oelrich's Bronze" upon the club's grounds, at Mott Haven, N. Y., on July 21. Malcolm W. Ford, the speedy amateur sprinter and champion jumper, who started from scratch, ran all his opponents down at 350 yards, and finally won with hands down in 53 1/2 seconds. N. H. Stewart with 35 yards' start was second.

The "Boston Post" says: "The New York papers seem to assume, as a matter of course, that the ocean race for the Queen's cup lies between the Genesta and the Priscilla. That may be, but there has been a little sloop known as the Paritan shipping around Boston waters that isn't inclined to take spray from anybody's keel. It will be just as well to remember that she is about when making preparations."

Recently, at Canton, O., there was a 185-yard handicap running race for \$100 in money prizes. The trial heat winners were:—E. W. Mathias, 9 yards; H. M. Johnson, scratch; "Skates" Brahma, 4 yards; James Evans, 10 yards; W. Long, 5 yards; E. W. Moulton, 9 yards. The second trials were won by Johnson and Mathias. The final heat between Johnson and Mathias was won by Johnson by 8 feet.

Arthur Hancock, in a 50-mile walking race for the championship of New Zealand and £20, at the Team street hall, Christ Church, May 16, defeated John Rayner (champion of Australia), F. Morehead and G. Mehlman. Hancock walked 48 miles in 8 hours, and at the finish the scores were: Hancock, 50 miles; Rayner, 48 miles 20 laps; Morehead, 43 miles 10 laps. Mehlman retired after covering 14 miles 1 lap. The track was 23 laps to the mile.

The Gentlemen's Cricket Team, of the south of England, will arrive in this country the latter part of August. Their first game will be with the Staten Islands. The visitors will then go to Albany, Syracuse, through Canada, and thence to Detroit and Chicago. They will then stop at Pittsburgh. On Sept. 14, 15 and 16 they play with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, and on Sept. 21, 22 and 23 with all-Philadelphia. Lord Harris, it is thought, will not accompany the visitors.

The committee in charge of the international cricket matches recently received a cable message from Edward J. Sanders, the secretary of the Devon County Cricket Club, positively stating that he will bring over a team of English amateurs in the fall. The committee has decided to give two matches in Philadelphia. The dates fixed for the first contest are Sept. 14, 15 and 16, while the first three days of the following week are spoken of in connection with the second.

John S. Prince attempted to break the 80-mile record at Chicago, on July 18, but failed. Ralph Friedberg and Robert Nelson attempted to set the pace, but were only able to accomplish this up to sixteen miles. Prince made a mile in 3 minutes 11 1/2 seconds, 5 miles in 16 minutes 19 seconds, 10 in 33 minutes 3 1/2 seconds, 15 in 48 minutes 53 seconds, and 20 in 1 hour 7 minutes 31 1/2 seconds. The track was wet and lumpy, and the champion will soon make another trial.

Arrangements are now being made for one of the grandest racing events ever witnessed in Virginia, to be held at Old Point, on Aug. 19 and 20. The regatta will be open to all comers, and will include single sculls, four, six and eight-oared shells and gigs. A number of prizes will be contested for, including the Clyde & Chapman and Gale cups, now held by the Columbia crew, of Washington. H. Phobus, of Old Point, will give a cup, to be rowed for annually.

On July 25, the crew of the Oxford University started in their barge from Dover, Eng., to row to Calais, France, across the English channel. At 5 minutes past 10 A. M. they started, and at 45 minutes past 2 P. M. they landed, accomplishing a most wonderful feat of rowing. The distance from Dover to Calais is 21 miles, and in fine and calm weather the feat of rowing across the strait is nothing remarkable. The time taken by the Oxford boat has been about 4 1/2 hours. The regular mail steamers of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company on the night service make the passage in about 100 minutes.

On July 23 the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association was decided on the Sylvan course at Moline, opposite Davenport, Iowa. The Farragut was the first event, one mile and a half with one turn; time, 8 minutes 35 1/2 seconds. The second event was won by Harbush and Ransom, one mile and a half; time, 11 minutes 13 seconds. The third race was won by the Modocs, of St. Louis; time, 11 minutes 7 1/2 seconds. The race between Gastrie, of St. Louis and Corbett, of Pullman, was won by the latter; time, 10 minutes 12 seconds. The last race was won by the Farragut, one mile and a half; time, 9 minutes 41 seconds.

Benny Jones, the light-weight wrestler, is willing to wrestle any wrestler in America from 115 to 120 pounds, for \$200, at Fastime Park, Philadelphia, or at Oak Point, Harlem, N. Y. He will wrestle Matsada Sorakichi two falls catch-as-catch-can and two Japanese style, and ten for final fall; Tom Cannon catch-as-catch-can, Cannon to scale any weight, and Jones to weigh 119 pounds; Matt Ayles (Joe Ayles' brother) at 120 pounds each; Young Bibby at any weight named; Billy Coupe at any weight named; Jones to weigh 118 pounds; Hen Clark, of Brooklyn; James Taylor, of McKeesport, or Clark, of the same place, same terms as with Coupe. Jones is willing to cover any forfeit left at this office.

About 1,500 persons were at Cassinovia Lake, N. Y., on July 23, to witness George Hosmer and Edward Henson row 3 miles for \$500. The course was about 3 miles, being guessed at. The race was to have been called at 4 P. M., but at that hour the rain came down in torrents. George G. Campbell, of Syracuse, and E. E. Eastman, of Albany, were the judges, and C. T. Brockway, of Mexico, Haulan's manager, referee. The start was made at 5 hours 30 minutes 34 seconds. The course was three-quarters of a mile long, so that the three turns had to be made to complete the three miles, which the outsmen were supposed to row. Hosmer led at the start, taking 33 strokes to Haulan's 34. He held the lead until the second turn was made, when Haulan closed up a gap of a boat's length. On the last three-fourths of a mile the two rowed closely, but on nearing the end Haulan quickened his stroke and won the race by a boat's length. The time announced was 17 minutes 45 seconds.

The great trotting contest between Jerome I. Case's bay stallion Phyllis and Nathan Straus' gelding Majolica for \$5,000 attracted a tremendous crowd to the Gentlemen Driving Park on July 24. Inside the park fully 6,000 persons were assembled to witness the struggle, and one old horseman was heard to remark that it put him in mind of the palm days at the old Fashion course. The grand and other stands were crowded, and many noted horsemen lounged in and around the club house. Among them were Robert Bonner, Ed. Stokes, John J. Quinn, J. S. Stokes, Sam Devere, M. Duff, A. A. Bonner, T. J. Coe, W. C. France, C. W. Weeks, J. S. Smith, A. L. Clarke, Jerome F. Case, W. H. Crawford, Hugh J. Grant, Jerome D. Ripley, Hamilton Busbey, W. Snyder, C. Randolph, W. C. Lewis, W. M. Whitehead, A. W. Mott, J. Leggett, A. Watt, E. H. Dudgeon, Hiram Howe, ex-Sheriff P. Bove, C. H. Mosher, P. Weber, Gen. J. O. Nay, Major T. Morton, W. Gray, H. Hughes, W. Hamilton, Z. E. Simmon, J. H. Breslin, H. T. Mail, A. C. Hall, Harry Pike, Al. Smith, James Patterson, Hugh J. Ferrigan and many others. There was a large number of fashionably dressed ladies among the audience. It was nearly 3 o'clock before the horses for the great race appeared, Phyllis being the first. While the animals were going down the track to the starting point their every motion was eagerly watched, and the outspoken opinion of many horsemen present was that Majolica should win. But this was sectional prejudice for whenever asked to back their opinion they either refused altogether or asked for such odds that speculation was out of the question. It was generally conceded, however, that the contestants were worthy of being classed among the champion trotters, and that the winner of this contest would be worthy to carry the blanket left off by Dexter and Smuggler. The summary is given below:

Match race, \$5,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. I. Case's b. s. Phyllis, by Dictator, dam Betty Trotwood.....Bibbers 1 1 1



## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

After the matches were arranged between Phallan and Maxey Cobb and Phallan and Majolica, I predicted in these columns that Phallan would win both races, and he did so.

The Referee also predicted that if Bersan could defeat Tyrant in the Travers' stakes at Saratoga he would win.

Tyrant did not start. Joe Cotton was a heavy favorite, and Bersan won, just as this paper predicted.

So far this season this paper has given the winner of the Wither stakes, Belmont stakes, City and Suburban, Lottland and Travers' stakes. It gave Bersan to win the Kentucky Derby, but Joe Cotton won by a fluke, with Bersan second.

Dame Rumer is very busy in regard to Hanlan.

Many claim that he is not the fast flyer in a 35-pound shell that he used to be.

Others claim that Hanlan cannot row fast enough to defeat George Lee, and one scribe goes so far as to say that the champion could not have beaten George Lee on July 4 had the latter not been a sharer of the purse they were competing for.

Another Smoky City correspondent says that Hanlan refused to go on with his races with Teemer, because he was afraid the new champion of the United States could defeat him.

Why is it that newspapers will stigmatize a man without any cause?

Who is to prove that Lee could have beaten Hanlan, and how is any body going to prove Hanlan slipped the coil in his series of matches with Teemer because he was afraid that he could not win them?

It seems the delight of pencilers to rake over the champions. When it is not Hanlan it is John L. Sullivan, and then Mitchell who is made the target for these sporting critics, who scribble, scratch and write what turns out to be nonsense.

I understand that there is quite a wrangle at Denver, Col., over the 72-hour walking match between A. Strokke, of East Saginaw, Mich., and Gus Olmstead, of Black Hawk.

Olmstead was half a mile ahead at 8:30 P. M. on the night of the finish, but left the track, Strokke continued and won the race, and was declared the winner by the referee.

Manager Tomlinson, of the rink, refused to pay over any part of the receipts, giving as his reason that he believed the race to be a "put up job" to get the public's money and pre-arranged for Strokke to win, and also claimed that he had been damaged by the performance.

Only, the banker and representative of Strokke, brought suit to recover the amount, but the matter was adjusted by Manager Tomlinson paying over to the winner considerable less than 50 per cent. of the cash receipts, which amounted to about \$600.

I have received many letters asking if the manager had any right to hold back the receipts.

I have not seen the agreement entered into between Strokke and Olmstead, but if they were contending for the gate money Tomlinson had no more right to retain Strokke's share after the referee declared him the winner than he would have to match some one's pocketbook.

Denver sporting men claim that he backed Gus Olmstead heavily, and when Strokke won he wanted to hold out the receipts, which he, no doubt, would have done, although he had no right to one dollar except his share.

I think cricketers must ponder at the team of Canadian doctors who are going through the country beating every cricket club they can get a match with, and they have played against some of the strongest eleven.

When they go to the wickets it is Allopathy, and the other fellows have to put up with Homeopathy.

They travel between wickets on the electric plan, cut like scalpels, catch like the measles and spread havoc like an epidemic.

They may all talk about Goodrich and Viator tips, but Jack's selections take the cake. At Brighton Beach races on July 10 he gave the following winners:

First race—Lulu and Frank Ward. They ran first and second. Second race—Miss Daisy and Nimblesfoot. The latter won. Third race—Erlie and Mollie Walton. Erlie won. Fourth race—Ursuline Nun and Walter H. The latter won. Fifth race—Frankie B., and he won. Sixth race—Hazard and Shelby Barnes. Hazard was third. Out of six races Jack's card gave six winners.

I see by various papers that Harry Brooks, who claims to be the manager of Billy Dacey, the Greenpoint pugilist, is continually offering to match Dacey to fight Frank White for the light-weight championship, but fails to put up a deposit.

It is my opinion that Prof. Brooks cannot be very well posted on pugilistic matters or he would not propose that White meet Dacey for the light-weight championship. White is a feather-weight pugilist, while Dacey has not got a twenty to one chance of winning the light weight place.

He is tall enough and eligible as far as weight is concerned, but judging by his two defeats by Jack Dempsey, he lacks both the quantity and the quality of a light-weight champion.

To secure a victory in any sport, good brains in the players contribute quite as much as good muscles.

In fact it is the muscles rightly directed by good brains, which win, and not the players most skilled in the use of their muscles.

Cracked heels are one of the most tormenting ailments that beset the trainers of runners and trotters, especially the former.

Trivial though it may seem, when there is a bad case the sufferer is incapable of showing its true form.

Slight disarrangements of any of the functions are sufficient to place the flyer on a level with those which are pounds below, and the separation of the skin in that sensitive place is not so slight as many imagine. There are a hundred sure cures.

Every trainer has a favorite remedy, and it is safe to say that he has little faith in any. Easily managed when there is slow work, he is well aware that when the fast gallops are resumed, it is long odds that there is a return of the trouble.

Besides lessening the danger from mud adhering to the pastern, there is the further benefit of preventing evaporation.

The pernicious practice of washing the legs is still worse than galloping in the mud, when that is done before the animals are thoroughly "cooled out."

There is a speedy diminishing of the temperature through evaporation, whereas the heat is kept down in the gallop by the envelopment of the cold material, and if left until dry there is partial protection from the plastic incasing.

The system of training horses at present in vogue, is widely different from that in practice ten years ago.

Then low diet and hard work were thought to be what horses needed most to prepare them for the track.

They were limited to a certain recognized quantity of hay and grain each day and water was considered dangerous if given in anything like the quantity now allowed the animals.

It now appears to be all the fashion to attack referees and umpires merely because the decisions they give do not suit the majority who have wagered money on the result of the contest the umpire or referee is to decide.

I think if this system of mistreating umpires increases to any greater extent it is not beyond the range of possibility, at some future day, to observe the gentleman who has been chosen to render decisions, make his appearance upon the scene with a pair of well-loaded revolvers of 44-calibre.

It is my opinion that no one can indulge in too much exercise.

It is a protection against sickness and greatly aids longevity.

Exercise and judicious training give athletes the advantage of a greater disease-resisting capacity.

Their constitution does not yield to every trifling accident; their nerves can stand the wear and tear of ordinary excitement.

A little change in the weather does not disturb their sleep, and they can digest more than other people.

Any kind of exercise that tends to strengthen, not a special set of muscles, but the muscular system in general, has a proportionate influence on the general vigor of the nervous organization, and thereby on its pathological power of resistance.

It is my opinion that an amateur is not presumed to profit directly from sport. He gives a portion of his time to boating or athletics simply in the way of recreation. He does not make a business or profession of sport.

Amateur lists are open to him for the reason that his opportunities to become proficient in rowing or running are not greater than those vouchsafed to other men who follow boating or athletics as a recreation instead of as a pursuit or a means of livelihood.

This is the underlying principle, and in accordance with it the amateur distinction is made very strict.

It is customary for people to talk about brutality of boxing matches "as arranged for endurance," to magnify the brutality by every means in their power, and to talk brutality whenever and wherever these occurrences are mentioned.

The fact is a glove fight between two heavy men will resolve itself into a knock-out if they only get together in the course of the first half hour. But it is hopeless to expect anything of the kind with little men.

What men suffer from in battles of this kind is in no way the punishment administered by their opponents. They suffer chiefly from their own exertions.

Exhaustion arising from violent and continued exercise taken in a confined space, and consequently vitiated atmosphere, is what eventually decides the contest.

If it is illegal for men to unduly exert themselves, I must have missed that section of the statutes in my study of law.

According to such law, indeed, it would be illegal for a man to overwork himself and to spend more than a certain number of hours a day at labor. How many of us would escape indictment in these busy times if this was the case?

I understand Marquis Bibbero, the famous scientific swimmer, is again creating a sensation in England by announcing that he intends coming to this country to imitate the late Capt. Matthew Webb and attempt to swim the whirlpool at Niagara.

Bibbero intends to attempt the feat as follows: His first experiment will be an oblong, coffin-shaped box, which will be made air-tight and covered with wax made as near as possible the consistency of flesh.

If this wax is torn when the box is covered, the Professor will assume that his flesh would have been in a similar condition, and desist from the attempt.

Should the box emerge sound the professor will proceed to ascertain the depth of the water by means of a plank with weighted glass globes suspended from it by ropes of various lengths.

Bibbero's next experiment will be with an India-rubber "dummy," of his own size and weight, in which inflated bladders will be placed as a substitute for lungs.

Should these bladders burst he will see that there is danger of asphyxia and abandon his project, but if not his next experiment will be made in *proprie persona*. If the result of these preliminaries is unsatisfactory the professor declines with thanks.

Bibbero, I may mention, is the swimmer who was backed by Richard K. Fox to swim across the East river, from New York to Brooklyn, with his hands bound behind him and his feet tied, when it was successful after one failure.

In nearly every city in the country where there is a baseball club, the prophets and critics are engaged comparing the playing strength of the various clubs belonging to the League and American Associations.

The managers and directors of the numerous baseball clubs, of course, boast that their club will win the pennant or the championship, and in many instances those who desire to become prophets have nothing to base their prophecies on except a betting average of one or more of the players, or a strong pitcher, or famous fielder.

It is frequently an easy matter for some follower of the turf to speculate and select a horse to win a certain stake race, but the idea of naming a baseball club to beat seven other clubs in a series of games for the championship is nearly as hopeless as the chances of a turf speculator winning a four-horse combination.

That is, selecting four consecutive winning horses in four races.

Few of the baseball prophets will acknowledge the probable supremacy of the New York team, while they do not believe the Metropolitans amount to anything.

In the various quotations the Athletics, of Philadelphia, seem to have the preference, as they are generally consigned to either first or second place.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

B. P., New York.—No.

S. H., Winnipeg.—No.

Buck, Princeton, N. J.—No.

J. B., Boston.—It is not settled.

C. F. G., Detroit.—Charles wins.

M. E. A., Deadwood.—Robert Bonner.

D. C. C., Jackson, Neb.—Ten seconds.

W. S., Toronto.—See answer to J. W. R.

J. E. Avenue B., New York City.—Daniel O'Leary.

Praxidour, Saugatuck, Conn.—M. loses and C. wins.

P. O., Mansfield, O.—Send on the photo and sketch.

J. G., Uxbridge.—If agreed to before starting to play.

F. K., Toledo, Ohio.—Mike Cleary is a middle weight.

J. A. V., Dayton, O.—The Idaho flat is eleven stories high.

W. J. P., Holton, Kan.—One hundred and forty-five pounds.

J. W., New Orleans, La.—Send \$1.50 and we will send book.

S. W., Rochester, N. Y.—See answer to J. W. R. Rochester.

L. F., N. W. York.—He must accept the cards if it is in the draw.

W. M., Anacostia.—Take plenty of walking and athletic exercise.

A. L. H., Portland, Dakota.—The pitcher can stand as he pleases.

G. N. B., Rutland, O.—Send 50 cents and we will forward you the book.

C. L. B., Camden, Ark.—You were right. It should have 20 instead of 25.

M. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—B wins. Myra has never beaten the 1-mile record.

H. L. B., Mansfield, Ohio.—1. Thanks. 2. Send on the photo and sketch.

F. H., Laramie City, Wyo.—Photos received; attended to gloves for Gaylord.

J. J. B., Hokitika, Westland, N. Z.—We will mail you the book on receipt of \$5.

D. G. D., Milwaukee, Wis.—Write to the warden of the prison where he is confined.

B. P., Washington, D. C.—Send \$1 and we will send you training and record books.

R. H. M., Millersburg, Pa.—Send letter to Eden Musee. Twenty-third street, New York.

A. N. B., Menlo, Dak.—You have a right to play on the board if your statement is correct.

J. H., Centre Market, Charlestown, S. C.—A mutual start is one that both runners agree to.

W. J. E., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. It is a matter of opinion. 2. Dobson. 3. Carroll is fair.

T. W. G., Dwarf, Ky.—There is no law against any citizen organizing a detective bureau.

C. A. H., Erie, Kan.—A letter addressed to Dr. Fowler, New York post office, will reach him.

T. L. L., New York City.—Atlanta, Atlantic, Palatine, Cygnus, would be very appropriate names.

O. E., Estey, St. Paul, Minn.—Write to the advertiser. We do not deal in goods of any description.

J. C. S., Brunswick, Me.—1. No. 2. Arrangements are being made to bring Sullivan and Ryan together.

A. J. B., Waverly, Kan.—Send on 50 cents for the "American Athlete." It will give you all the information.

D. A., Washington, D. C.—A. Corcoran, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10, 1885, put up a 15-pound dumb-bell 16,000 times.

W. W., Griffen Corners, Del. Co., N. Y.—Send 30 cents and we will send you book containing all the information you want.

E. M. N., Union Springs, Ohio.—Lily was shot on board the Guatemalan war brig, Santiago, Feb. 16, 1857, by five marines.

A. M., Allentown, Pa.—1. A black draught. 2. Send for the "American Athlete" to this office; it contains all the points for training.

J. A. C., Bordentown, N. J.—The best running jump with artificial aid is 29 feet 1 inch, made by John Howard, Chester, Eng., May 8, 1884.

F. O. M., New York.—1. Six feet two and three-quarter inches. 2. Gus Sundstrom and Dennis A. Butler both claim the championship. 3. John Flood.

Reader, Houston, Texas.—1. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought for the championship of the world on Feb. 7, 1883. 2. In New York city. 3. Yes.

J. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—Frank White and George Holden fought 4 rounds near Conant, Ohio. The battle was not ended, but was stopped by the Sheriff.

J. M., Denver, Col.—The receipts in the first contest for the Astley belt at Madison Square was \$54,607.15. Rowell received \$20,000, Ennis \$12,000, and Harriman \$7,500.

H. M., Louisiana, Md.—1. It was at Little Bridge grounds, London, Eng., on June 1, 1874, that Wm. Perkins walked 1 mile in 6 minutes 23 seconds; 2 miles in 13 minutes 30 seconds, and 3 miles in 20 minutes 47 seconds.

M. E. G., New York City.—No book can impart the information desired. A practical knowledge will result after the event. In the interim consult your mother, or best friend among your married lady acquaintances.

J. H. W., St. Paul, Minn.—1. S. S. Rankin, who fought Dominic Bradley, Aug. 1, 1887, was born at Belfast, Ireland. 2. He stood 6 feet in height and weighed 185 pounds. 3. Bradley won after fighting 155 rounds, lasting 178 minutes.

D. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—Joe Coburn was not a heavy-weight pugilist. He was a middle weight, but he fought for the heavy-weight championship. Coburn never lost a prize fight. 2. He fought Ed. Price, Harry Gribben, Mike McCool and Jim Mace.

G. S., St. Joseph, Mo.—Carter and Robinson fought against time in England on June 16, 1816, Carter's backers having wagered £250 (\$250) that he would beat Robinson in 30 minutes. Carter won by a foul in 28 minutes 30 seconds, Robinson falling without a blow.

A. F., Detroit, Mich.—John Gully and Bill Gregson fought twice for the championship of England. The first fight was decided at Six Mile Bottom, on Oct. 14, 1807. 2. The second fight was fought in Six John Seagriff's Park, Hertfordshire, May 10, 1808. Gully won both events.

J. W., Baltimore, Md.—For hardening the hands the following recipe is the best: Put 2 pounds of rock salt into 1 gallon of white wine vinegar, then scrape a pound of horseradish, cut off the stems, add 1 ounce of copperas, then boil for 2 hours and strain, when it will be ready for use.

W. B., Stanton, Mich.—1. Belcher first introduced Henry Pearce, the "Game Chicken," in London. 2. We understand that the title "Game Chicken" was first given to this famous pugilist because of the abbreviation of his Christian name. 3. Pearce stood 5 feet 9 inches, and weighed 195 pounds in condition.

J. G. G., Chicago, Ill.—1. There are certain points that go out first in casino, such as cards, big or little casino, etc., or do any points go out first? For instance, I have 17, my opponent has the same, if I take in any 4 points could I claim out or would I have to have certain points? Any four points go out first if claimed when made.

J. A. M., Polseue, W. T.—In a game of poker in which the first man in says pass; the second bets; the third claimed six cards; the dealer called for a double-header; the second man claimed the pot; he and all the rest but the third man had five cards apiece. F. B. Was he entitled to it or was it to be a double-header? The second man wins.

J. A. V., New York City.—The committee of the City Regatta Association, of Boston, did pass a resolution not to in future allow Hanlan to row in the annual Fourth of July regatta. Some months after the matter was settled on Hanlan's friends interceded to have the "bar" removed. Hanlan and Courtney did row on the Potomac in May, 1880. Courtney did not finish, being attacked with vertigo.

J. C., Boston.—The best coupling record ever made was done in Niles, Mich., Sept. 22, 1883, in a match contest between G. E. Brett and C. W. Drown, of Decatur, Ill., and G. Tuftery and W. Cooper, of Moline, Ill. The conditions to run 50 feet to coupling brake, coupling 3 1/2 turns and put on pipe 2 1/2 turns. Won by Brett and Drown in three straight heats. Time, 3 1/2 and 3 1/2 seconds.

H. E., Hartford, Conn.—Russia's navy consists of three divisions. These divisions are a necessity of her geographical position, one of the most peculiar ever known in history. Practically her great

fleets of war vessels can be restricted to her immediate coasts, because any outlet into the great ocean is forbidden by the narrow passages through which these vessels must pass, and which can easily be blocked by a much inferior fleet. In fact, Russia's navy is mostly confined to two great lakes or seas, having narrow entrances. The Baltic is a lake with a narrow outlet, of which Denmark holds the key; the Black Sea is another, of which Turkey is the water-gatekeeper. Any naval power, therefore, which seeks to meet the Russians on sea must go to look for them; whether they will find them or not is another question.

B. S. R., Portland, Me.—The Brooklyn bridge was really begun in 1885, when William C. Kingsley, of Brooklyn, matured the project, settled its terminal in his mind, hired an engineer to draw a plan and make estimates, paid him out of his own pocket and then called his moneyed friends about him to go on with the work. Two years after in 1887 a charter was granted. The engineer, John Roebbing, was engaged in May, 1887, and took until September to make surveys, plans and estimates. He thought the bridge could be built for \$7,000,000, the land for approaches would cost \$3,800,000, and the work could be finished in five years. The actual cost has been \$15,000,000 and the time of building has been nearly sixteen years. The length between the anchorages is 3,500 feet, between terminal 5,900 feet, and between the towers the width of the river is 1,565 1/2 feet.

J. W. R., Portland, Me.—There will be three races with the Genesta, and if the New York Yacht Club boat is the winner three races will be sailed with the Galatea after a reasonable time. The rules and regulations governing the match with the Genesta will also govern that with the Galatea. The first of the three races will be sailed over the annual regatta course of the New York Yacht Club. The second will be sailed over a triangular ocean course, starting for Sandy Hook Lightship, and the third also over an ocean course, to windward and back; each race to be about forty miles. The races will be sailed about Sept. 1, or as near that date for the first race as practicable. The only serious difference between the challengers and the club was that of the measurement for time allowance. This matter was finally left to George L. Schuyler, who has been agreed upon as referee in the matches, and he decided in favor of the club allowance. The committee consists of Phillip Schuyler, chairman; J. Frederick Tapp, Charles A. Stebbins, Jules A. Montant, Joseph R. Bux and C. A. Milton. It will continue its functions.

J. G., New Orleans, La.—Wm. Thompson (Bendigo) stood 5 feet 9 1/2 inches in height and weighed 164 pounds. His career in the prize ring was as follows: Beat Bill Faulk, October, 1883; beat Ned Smith, March, 1883; beat Tom Cox, June, 1883; beat Charles Martin, April, 1883; beat Lin Jackson, May, 1883; beat Charles Skelton, August, 1883; beat Tom Burton, August, 1883; beat Bill Mason, September, 1883; beat Bill Winterford, October, 1883; beat Bingham, champion, January, 1884; beat Ben Caunt, 250 (\$250), 23 rounds, Appleby House, July 11, 1885; beat Brasse, 250 (\$250), 53 rounds, near Sheffield, Eng., May 24, 1886; beat Young Langan, 250 (\$250) 33 rounds, 1 hour 30 minutes, Woorw; January 24, 1887; beat Bill Looney, 2300 (\$1,000), in 99 rounds, in 2 hours 24 minutes, at Chapel-en-le-Forth, June 13, 1887; beaten by Ben Caunt; beat Deaf Burke, who fought for 2100 (\$500) to 230 (\$400), 10 rounds, in 24 minutes, Heather, Feb. 12, 1889; received a champion belt from Jem Ward; beat Ben Caunt, 2400 (\$2,000), and champion belt, 23 rounds, in 2 hours 10 minutes, near Scotland Green, Sept. 9, 1885; beat Tom Paddock, 2400 (\$2,000), in 49 rounds, 59 minutes (foul blow), Mildenhall, June 5, 1880.

J. W., Charleston, S. C.—1. Peter Morris, the feather-weight champion of England, died at Birmingham, Eng., Oct. 16, 1878. 2. He broke a blood vessel coughing. 3. He was born at Birmingham, Eng., Aug. 7, 1840. He was brought out by the late Bob Brette and made his debut in the ring Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, 1868, when he defeated Young Doyrmock for \$150, 23 rounds were fought in 54 minutes. His subsequent ring engagements were as follows: Beat J. G. Rafferty for \$100, 16 rounds in 30 minutes, July 4, 1869; beat J. Hartley for \$250, 24 rounds in 1 hour 17 minutes, April 5, 1880; beat J. Hartley again for \$250, 33 rounds in 1 hour 20 minutes, May 7, 1883; beat George Holden for \$500, 64 rounds in two rings, in 2 hours 9 minutes, Aug. 28, 1883; beat Morris Roberts for \$1,000, 41 rounds in 3 hours 18 minutes, Sept. 15, 1883; beat J. Fox for \$250, 35 rounds in 1 hour 4 minutes, April 17, 1886; fought a draw with Geo. Holden for \$1,000 (two rings), 41 rounds in 1 hour 53 minutes, Nov. 28, 1886; fought a draw with Harry Taylor for \$250, Morris being arrested, 1888; beat Frank Wilson for a purse, 6 rounds in 29 minutes, 41 seconds, Feb. 10, 1870. He visited this country in 1867.

P. R., Boston, Mass.—The Cossack regiments are recruited under different conditions. Their enlistment is by terms of treaties made with their chiefs. It is found in practice that a levy in Russia of two on every 500 males produces 80,000 to 100,000 men. The Russian army, on a recent computation, contained 1,213,220 officers and men. Add 129,000 Cossacks to this and the total force on a peace footing is given. The peculiar military systems of Finland and of the Cossacks deserve more than passing notice. Finland provides a certain number of men graded according to districts. The districts pay the soldiers while the State government supplies their material wants. The Cossacks of the Don, the most important, are liable to service from fifteen to sixty years of age, and no substitutes are permitted. The Cossacks are a race of free men, neither serf nor any other dependence upon the land, together with the pasture, hunting grounds and "fisheries." The Cossacks pay no taxes to the government, but in lieu of that they are bound to perform military service, which, under various conditions, they do until their forty-seventh year. Every Cossack is obliged to equip, clothe and arm himself at his own expense and keep his horse. If he serves beyond the frontiers of his own country he receives rations of food and forage and a small amount of pay. Instead of imposing taxes on them the Russian government pays the Cossacks an annual tribute and distributes grants among the widows and orphans of those who fall in battle.

W. R. B., Baltimore.—The Queen's cup, now known as the American's cup, was won by the keel-schooner yacht America in 1851 in a race open to yachts of any nationality, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and it became the property of the owners of that yacht. After bringing it to this country the owners of the America placed it in trust with the New York Yacht Club, under a deed of gift, which makes of it a perpetual international challenge cup, representing the yachting supremacy of the world. It may be challenged by any vessel, yacht or otherwise, within certain limits as to size, and she shall be entitled to a single race over the course of the club which holds it, and subject to its rules. There is, however, a clause in the deed which permits the challenger and the club challenged to make any conditions whatsoever which they may mutually agree upon as to the race, and in all the races for this cup in this country, except the first one, this clause in the deed has been availed of, and mutual arrangements have been made. From the time it was first decided to the club until 1870 the cup was not challenged, and then Mr. James Ashbury, of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, came for it with the schooner Cambria, and he sailed for it against the whole fleet of the New York Club, the schooner America, the original winner of the cup, then owned by the Navy Department, being among the contestants. The Cambria was beaten, but Mr. Ashbury was not discouraged. He went back to England, built the schooner Livonia and again challenged. An objection had meantime been made to the word "match" in the deed of gift, and it was held that it meant simply a race between two boats, and that it was unfair to put in a whole fleet against one boat, because a few vessels might combine to bother the challenger while another boat won the race. The matter was submitted to Mr. George L. Schuyler, the only survivor of the original donors, and he decided that the objection was well founded and only one boat at a time raced with the Livonia, although four boats were selected and held in readiness. After the defeat of the Livonia the New York Yacht Club held the cup unchallenged until



## John Courtland Kennedy.

This ex-police officer, of Brooklyn, was convicted of seduction under promise of marriage on July 14 last. On the same day he made his escape from the Kings County jail. Sheriff Farley offers \$200 reward for his capture. The following is a description of Kennedy: Twenty-five years; 5 feet 11 inches; medium build; weight, 165 or 167 pounds; light, somewhat florid complexion; light-brown very fine hair, generally kept in good condition, sometimes cut very short and combed up straight from forehead:



Who Is She?

BOSTON'S HORRIBLE MYSTERY WHO CAME IN WITH THE TIDE IN SEVERAL SECTIONS.

clean shaven at present; when he had a mustache it was small and did not cover his lips; lips thin, upper one short; one of his upper teeth in front is false, the teeth are white and round; face rather thin, features rather small; nose is broken and inclined to the left; ears small; light-blue eyes, somewhat deep set, high forehead; wore black Prince Albert suit and brown Derby hat quite high in crown. Has two scarf pins, one of yellow gold in design of branch, and one of red gold. Shrugs his shoulders sometimes when walking and swings both hands; talks in low tone of voice.



THEY FOUGHT FOR THE LILY.

LORD LONSDALE AND SIR GEORGE CHETWIND LASH EACH OTHER IN ROTTEN ROW.

The photograph was taken two years ago; said to look very much like him as he appeared in court; wears a No. 6½ or 7 shoe.

## How the Canadian Indians Fight.

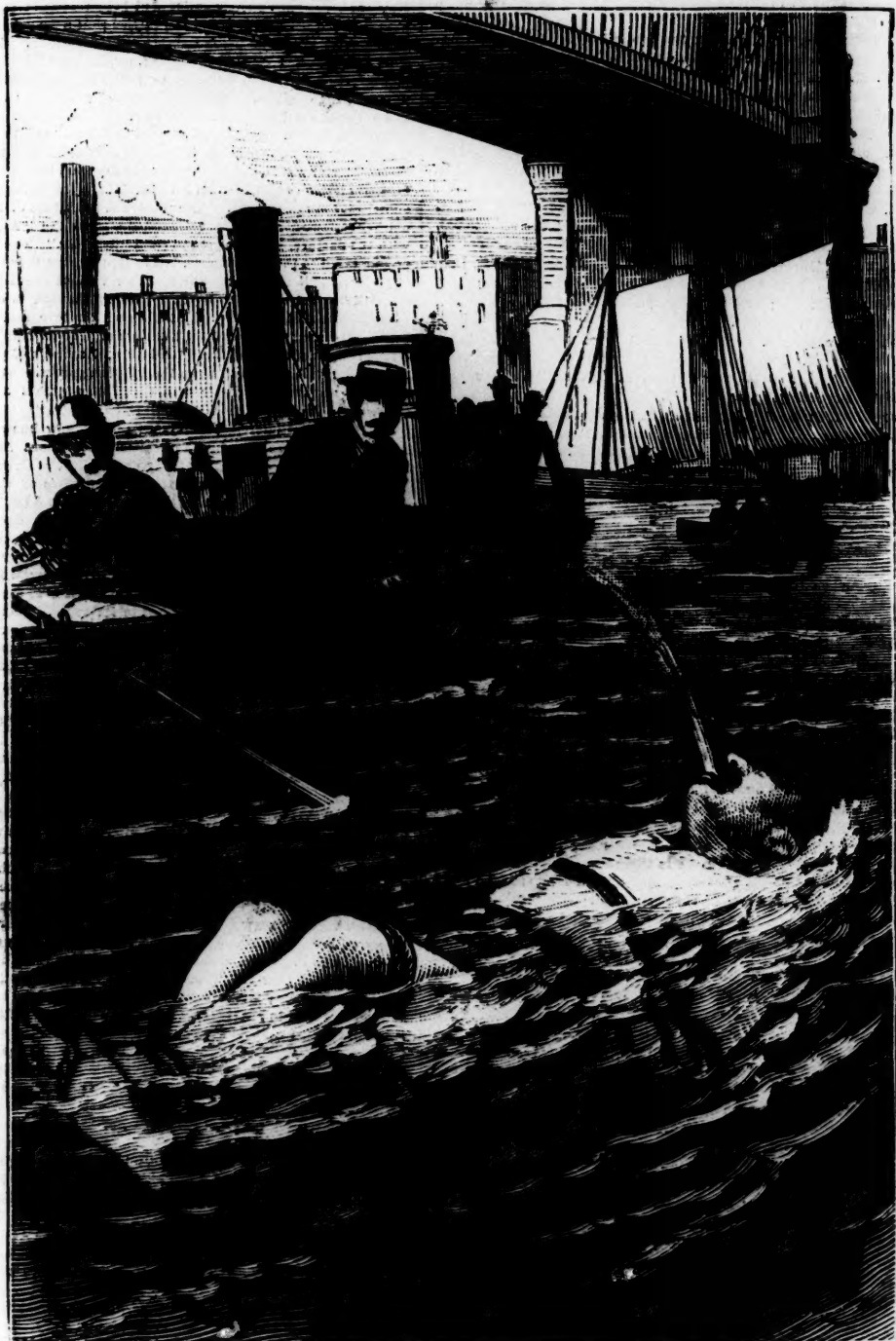
A gentleman who has spent many years among the Indians and the half-breeds in the northwest declared that they have attained a remarkable proficiency in the use of the rifle. Their aim is unerring, and they seldom fail to bring down their game. In years gone by, when a buffalo hunt was the great event in the life of these people, he had many opportunities of ob-



JOHN COURTLAND KENNEDY,

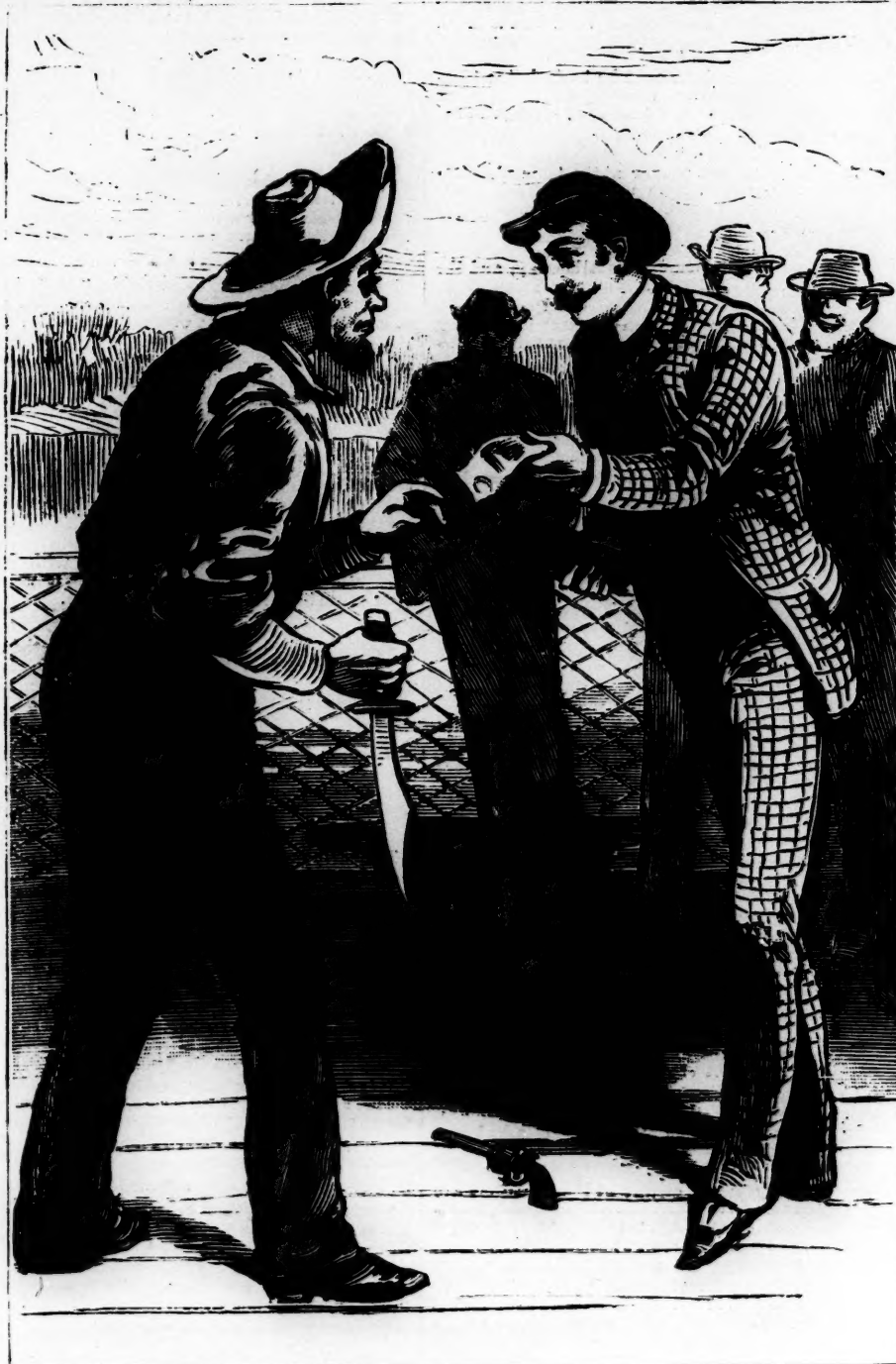
EX-BROOKLYN POLICEMAN WHO ESCAPED FROM JAIL. \$200 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE.

serving their skill, which was simply marvelous. Sad havoc was made in the ranks of the buffalo by these natives of the prairie, although armed with only an old flint-rock rifle. Powder was carried in a horn, strung across the shoulder, and the balls, thirty-two to a pound, in the mouth. Thus equipped and mounted, the huntsman engaged in the chase. After discharging his rifle, his steed was guided by the knee and kept running in the direction desired, the powder was deftly slipped into the chamber, and holding the barrel to his mouth the ball was dropped into its place.



HE WON HIS WAGER.

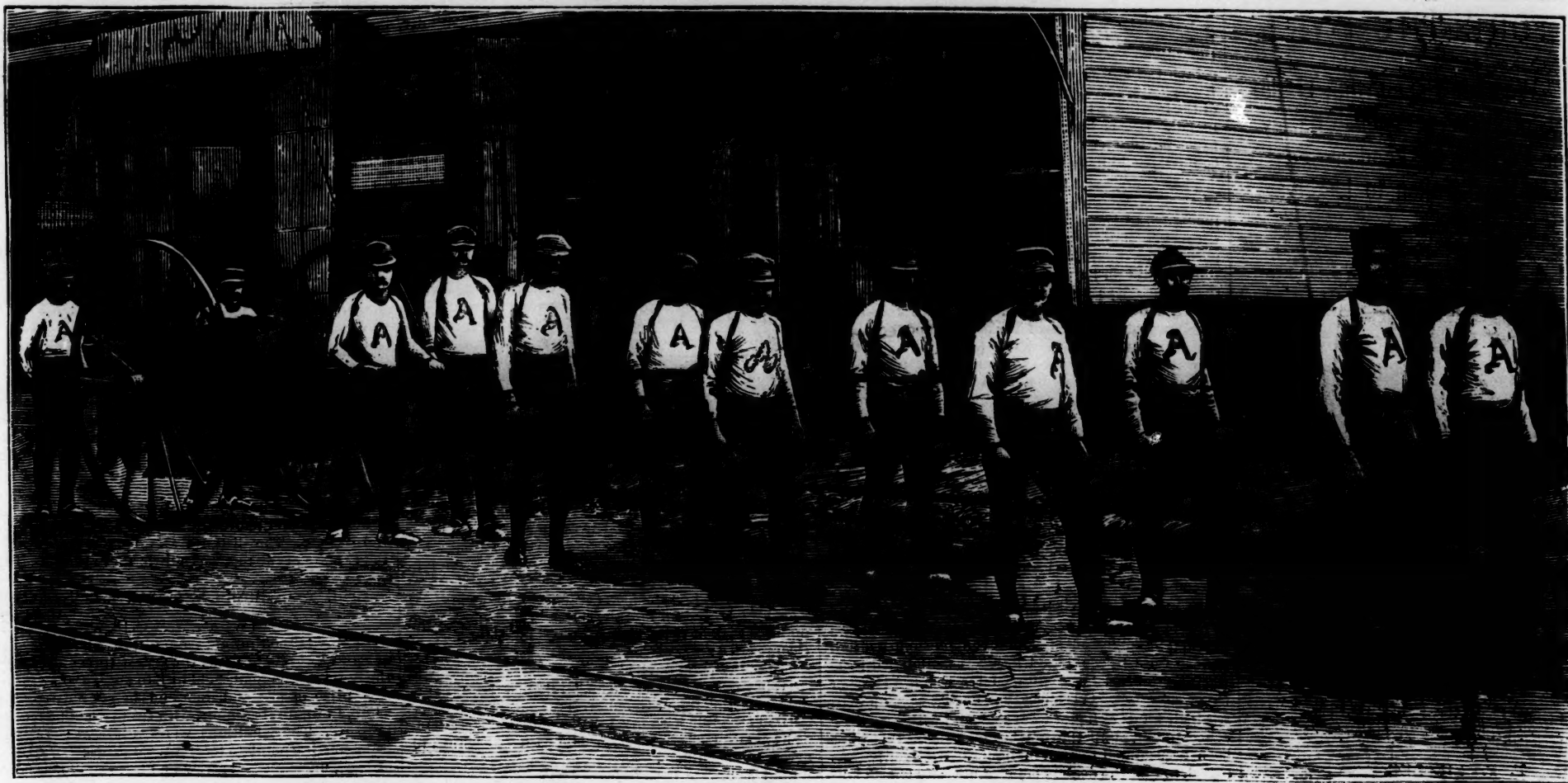
PROFESSOR DENNIS BUTLER SWIMS THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, BOUND HAND AND FOOT.



A DUDE WITH NERVE.

HE ASTONISHES AND CONCILIATES A MISSISSIPPI FLAT BOATMAN.

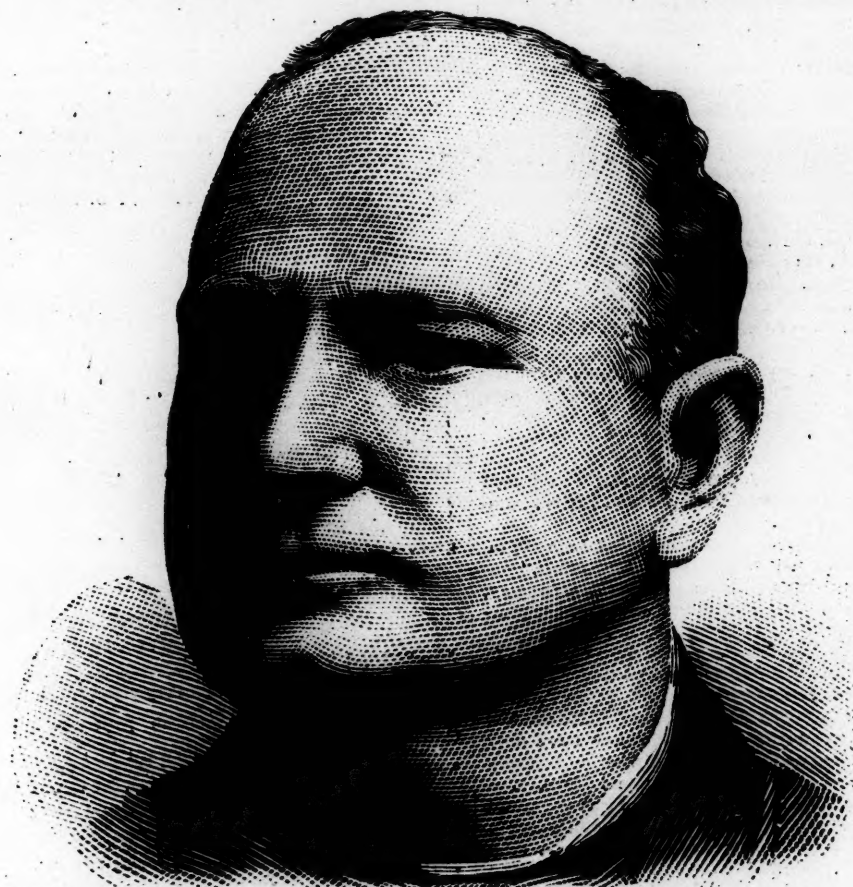




J. F. Alzina. Con. J. Crowley. J. P. Carter. E. Alzina. Chas. Kelly. Ed. Lilley. Elmer Dakin, Jr.  
Frank Bartlett. Chas. Dennett. J. P. Gaunon. Ben Patterson. J. M. Ross.

THE ALERT HOSE.

A PHENOMENALLY ACTIVE AND WORKMANLIKE ORGANIZATION OF SANTA CRUZ, CAL.



CAPT. DAVID HARRIS,

A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING BONIFACE OF BROOKLYN, L. I.



"UNCLE SPORT."

A WELL-KNOWN CANINE CHARACTER OF YANKTON, DAKOTA TERR



A SPORTIVE PAIR.

GEORGE LITTLE, THE WELL KNOWN DOG FANCIER, AND HIS BITCH BELLY.



## BEFORE THE BAR.

"Sheol" Weather Booms the Trade--  
Drug-Store Winks--Yankee Barley  
Water Popular in London--Pa-  
risians Have Taken to Lager.



F. P. ZIEGLER.

This gentleman is one of the most prominent and popular festive spirits in Parsons, Kan., where he is recognized as the most skillful billiard player in that section of the country. He has played many brilliant games before the genial members of the bar, who always booked him as a winning card.

Great Sheol, give us another schooner!

The man who frequents the saloons is apt to get things mixed.

The club-house bars at Long Branch are the most elegant in the world.

To the drug clerk who tends the soda fountain a wink is as good as a prescription.

The New York bars never did a better trade than during the last few warm days.

Some people are so mistaken as to deem it appropriate to drink beer in muggy weather.

The druggist whose clerk has a red nose through smelling of the syrups will never lack trade at his soda fountain.

Hoboken, N. J., is the most liberal city on the liquor question in the Union. Thanks to our German citizens for this.

The high tone cafe were caught in the act in this city last Sunday, and will have to stand before the noble Excise Commissioners.

Ganja is an intoxicant made from hemp, and some of the Asiatics who drink it are distinguishing themselves by the wildest atrocities.

There is little demand now for the fine wines in the cellar of the Carlton Club, London, and at this house the drink most in demand is barley water.

When the wind is blowing hard through the whiskers of an Illinois man the people over in the next county wonder where that smell of alcohol comes from.

A bottle of purple ink was mistakenly opened for port wine at a Detroit supper, and fourteen guests filled their mouths with the liquid in pledging the host.

Gen. Grant was kept alive principally on brandy during the last few months. The doctors fearing the end were obliged to administer it by hypodermic injections.

The Excise Commissioners of the City of Churches have granted a license to a dealer to sell beer and wine in Prospect Park. The tea-drinking cranks made a big fight on the question.

"Isn't five-cent whisky awfully poor?" asked a gentleman of a confirmed bum who had just struck him for a nickel. "Poor? Oh, no, sir. There is no such thing as poor whisky. Of course some kinds are better than others, but none of it is poor."

When the wife's away  
The "hub" will play.  
At least so it is said.  
He's out all night,  
Till broad daylight.  
Painting the old town red.

The Iowa Prohibition law has been in force over a year, and is fairly successful in the small places, while in cities there is thought to be more drunkenness than under the license system. Reports from twenty-two leading cities and towns show 130 more open drinking places than there was a year ago.

An Episcopal minister in Virginia City had to look to the people for his support. Once a week he went among the business men. He says that he visited the saloons and gambling shops as well as the banks and stores. On almost every round he received a number of poker chips, worth from \$1 to \$5. These he took to the bank, where they were cashed.

Excise Commissioner Morris has informed Superintendent Murray that the licenses held by Ezra Daggett from the "Cremorne," a resort at No. 108 West Thirty-second street, and Thomas F. Parker, for "Tom" Gould's saloon, at Nos. 30 and 32 East Thirty-first street, had expired. The places are now running without license, and the police are called upon to take action in the matter.

The weather nowadays is gauged by the style of drinks taken at the larger cafes. Straight whisky means cool and pleasant, except taken too often. Brandy and soda suggests warm weather, with light winds. Lager beer is warmer, with still higher prospects. Claret punch is hot, and a seltzer lemonade, with a small stick in it, is sheol heat.

Very few private citizens understand the extreme rigors of the revenue laws. For instance, it is the duty of every smoker who buys a box of cigars to scrape the stamp off from the box and destroy it. Every failure to destroy the stamp renders the owner of the box liable to a penalty of \$50 fine and ten days in jail. If this law were enforced to-morrow it is probable that the great majority of smokers of the country would have to go to prison.

The Rev. P. P. Shahan of St. Patrick's Church, in Norwich, Conn., is known as an enemy of liquor drinking. After the steamer City of Lawrence, with excursionists from St. Patrick's and St. Mary's parishes on board, had got well on her way toward Rocky Point on Saturday, Father Shahan discovered that liquor was being furnished from some private source. He soon fixed upon one or two state-rooms as the probable source of the supply, and he made a raid on them. He seized the liquors and cast them into the sea, setting the owners at defiance. The dealers will take no action, but are highly indignant.

Beer is becoming fashionable in Paris. Saloons in which it is sold are called brasseries, and most of them are handsomer than the wine shops. One establishment is a beautiful reproduction of a French inn of two centuries ago, except that the fittings are elaborately fine. A new idea is to costume the waiters, picturesquely grotesquely. In one place they wear the uniform of the French Academy, and the drinkers jocosely address them by the names of Academicians. Such cries as, "Hi, Sardon, two beers!" are common.

No sincere Prohibitionist who is accustomed to travel about the streets of Portland, Me., possessed of two tolerably good eyes, or even one and a disposition to use it, could feel any satisfaction with the way the law has been enforced for the last three or four weeks past. It is a fact that during encampment week all kinds of liquor were sold, and with very little concealment, at all the hotels and saloons that have been accustomed to deal in liquor. The agency was closed, so that the dealers enjoyed not only the illegitimate trade, but the legitimate also. It is a fact, too, patent to everybody who has taken the trouble to use his eyes, that liquor has been freely dispensed ever since, and that Prohibition is a dead law.

When some liquor dealers were arraigned before Judge Reading, in Chicago, to be sentenced for selling to minors, his Honor told them, at considerable length, that the law empowered them to deal in alcoholic beverages; that they were legally sustained in making drunkards, in agonizing wives, in disgracing orphans, and in doing about all the harm incidental to their business. The prisoners began to think that he meant to let them off, and they were sure of it when he said: "You may allow children to frequent your saloons to witness the delights of inebriety," but he dashed their hopes by adding: "You are thus licensed to hold the cup to childish lips, but you must not permit them to drink it. The poor privilege of selling to boys and girls is denied to you. You must wait until they are twenty-one before you can legally destroy them."

## A DUDE WITH NERVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Soon after a Mississippi boat left Vicksburg one day last week a young man in a swell suit brought out a pearl-handled revolver and began shooting at floating objects on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. His object seemed to be to show off, and, as a knot of passengers began to applaud his shots, he grew what might be called triumphantly reckless. The steamer presently overtook a flatboat loaded with hoop poles, bound for the New Orleans market. The steersman, wearing a broad-brim hat and red shirt, was a very conspicuous figure.

"I've seen the day," remarked a passenger, "that I could put a bullet through that chap's hat and not harm a hair of his head."

"I can do it myself," replied the shooter.

"I doubt it, sir; doubt it very much. If you can make that shot, you can call yourself the champion of the world."

What did the idiot do, but haul off and pop away! The man's hand went up to his ear, and it wasn't half a minute before his place was taken by a second man, and he was pulling off for us in a small boat. He was soon alongside, and not a man moved as he rushed up stairs with a bowie-knife as long as the leg of a chair in his mad right hand. The shooter was whiter than chalk, but his sang froid was the genuine article. Before the man with the bleeding ear had come within ten feet of him he had a fifty-dollar bill out of his wallet, and, taking a step forward, he held it out and said:

"Sorry to have troubled you, my dear sir. Intended to leave it for you at the next landing. I shot to break the pipe in your mouth, but hit your ear. This is my regular price when I make such blunders."

Red Shirt hesitated—took the bill—scanned the figures on the corner—slowly put up his knife, and then turned and left the steamer without having said one single word. The nerve and money of the dude had prevented that wicked knife from tasting life-blood.

## THEY DUCKED HIM ALSO.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ora Dorlin was lounging around the Hamburg House, Flushing, L. I., on the evening of July 20, when the hands of the big clock over the bar pointed nearly to 12. Mr. Dorlin was admiring his new suit of light summer clothes, his high white tile, his low shoes and striking stockings with great complaisance as they were reflected in a pier glass, when a party of his gentlemen friends entered.

After some original remarks about the weather his friends asked Mr. Dorlin to take a walk. As they strolled toward the town fountain some one carelessly observed that it must be after 11 o'clock.

"Oh, yes," said the unsuspecting Mr. Dorlin, "it's later than that. It's very nearly midnight."

The party reached the fountain basin. It was full of water that reflected back the moon's dancing rays.

"How cool the water looks," remarked Mr. Dorlin.

"How pleasantly it murmurs on a night like this. I'm almost tempted to plunge in."

"In you go," shouted his friends, and with one accord they pounced on him and threw him, summer suit, white high hat and all, headlong into the basin.

The young gentlemen were the Vigilance Committee, formed two months ago to duck every married man whom they found away from his home after 11 o'clock. They stood around the fountain last night while Mr. Dorlin floundered around in it, spouting like a whale, and they sang, "Take a header down be-

low." Then they dispersed with singular unanimity. Mr. Dorlin managed to climb out of the fountain basin. The waters no longer murmured pleasantly in his ears, but they filled them. His eyes and his low shoes were full of water. His white high hat looked as if it had been worn in a rain-storm. Dripping wet and breathing direct vengeance, Mr. Dorlin started home. Before he got there his new summer suit began to shrink. His trousers ascended his legs as far as his knees, his coat-sleeves sought his arm-pits. He met a policeman who told him to pull down his vest, for it was gathered up around his shirt collar. Mr. Dorlin stayed in bed all day while his wife dosed him with hot drinks "so that he wouldn't catch cold," and ironed out his clothes.

Mr. Dorlin is the Vigilance Committee's second victim. Mr. Kennedy, who called the committee into existence, and who was its first president, was inveigled out of doors and soused in the same fountain. Mr. Kennedy promptly resigned, but the committee flourishes, and all the married ladies laud it to the skies.

## THEY FOUGHT OVER MRS. LANGTRY.

Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chetwynd Lash and Pommel One Another.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LONDON, July 28.—All accounts of the fracas between Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chetwynd in Rotten Row show that the latter began the assault by striking Lord Lonsdale on the head with a whip and knocking his hat off into the street. Both men were on horseback at the time. In delivering the blow, Sir George cried:

"Take that, you devil!"

"What in—do you mean," rejoined Lord Lonsdale, smarting under the blow.

"Don't meddle with my Lily," shouted his assailant, as he again struck Lord Lonsdale with his whip full across the shoulders.

Lord Lonsdale then returned the blows with his whip. The horses of the combatants became frightened and began to plunge and kick in such a lively manner that their riders were at last forced to dismount. Dropping their whips, they continued the fight with their fists. Sir George Chetwynd soon got his opponent's head in chancery and pommelled him repeatedly.

Lord Lonsdale struggled to free himself, and both men rolled in the dust. Both quickly regained their feet, and, with blood flowing freely from noses and mouths, and their clothing badly torn, renewed the fight until a mounted policeman galloped up and separated them. The combatants entered closed carriages and were driven to their homes. Legal proceedings are threatened, but friends of the men are trying to keep the matter out of the courts.

The fight has been the principal subject of conversation to-day in club circles. Sir George Chetwynd was found posing on the doorstep of his residence in Graton street, with his carriage waiting to take him for a drive in the park. He was smiling and affable, and bore but few marks of the melee. He said that the quarrel arose out of expressions which he had used respecting a certain lady while riding with Lord Lonsdale in the park last Tuesday, and which Lonsdale considered insulting. Lord Lonsdale said nothing more then, but afterward wrote Sir George some offensive letters, to which, Sir George says, he replied courteously. He met Lord Lonsdale again in the park yesterday, when words led to blows, which continued until the young Duke of Portland and Sir W. Cumming separated them.

"You can see," added Sir George, "that I am not injured, and I don't believe Lonsdale is much hurt." A dozen reporters have been seeking Mrs. Langtry, but she left town last night, and the secret of her present whereabouts is zealously kept by her friends.

Lord Lonsdale has a black eye and a cut cheek. He is keeping himself closely secluded and under the care of a doctor at his residence in Carlton House Terrace, near the York Gate in St. James' Square. He has had numerous callers during the day, but they have only driven to the door and left their cards, as his lordship refuses to see even his most intimate friends. The Earl of Lonsdale is the young man who was so careful of his honor that he hounded Mr. Edmund Yates to jail last winter for allowing Lady Stradbroke, a relative of the Earl, to intimate in the *World* that he had eloped. He is only 28 years old, and has been married seven years to Lady Grace Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntley. He became the fifth Earl of Lonsdale three years ago, succeeding his brother, who deserted his wife and died while drunk in a house of ill-fame.

Sir George Chetwynd is 36 years old, is married to Lady Florence, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, and has one son and two daughters living. He is best known as a sporting man, being the owner of several successful racers, and a fair wing shot. He is the High Sheriff of Warwick county, and a leading light of the Turf and Hurlingham Clubs.

## BUTLER WINS HIS WAGER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was great excitement along the East River front in the neighborhood of Dover street, New York, the afternoon of July 27. An extra police force from the Oak street station had been detailed to piers 28 and 29, while thousands of people crowded the docks and decks of vessels that were tied up. The cause of this unusual gathering was the report that Prof. Dennis Butler, swimming master, would attempt to swim the East River from New York to Brooklyn, with hands and feet firmly tied, for a wager of \$250. Butler's backer, E. F. Dobbin, put up the forfeit.

The swimmer was first seen standing on pier 28. Out in the river was a yawl boat in which were six policemen. Butler looked disgusted, whispered a few words to a friend, and saying, "It's no use," walked slowly off the pier and entered a saloon. While the crowd waited for him to reappear he slipped out the back door, walked around the block and ran back to the pier. A tug lay alongside. Butler jumped aboard, together with his friends and several reporters, and the propeller was soon moving down the river. The policemen in the yawl gave chase, but the wind and tide were against them and they were soon a mile behind. Old slip was soon reached and the tug slowed up. The cabin door flew open and two men appeared carrying the swimmer. He was encased in a network of rubber. His arms were lashed firmly to his sides and his hands, crossed, were tied stoutly across his back. His legs, from the hips down, were also lashed together and his crossed feet secured by coils of half-inch rope. He was apparently helpless.

A row-boat pulled alongside into which Butler was lowered. The referee consulted his watch.

"Thirteen minutes of 7," he called.

The two men lifted the Professor by the shoulders and the body plunged into the water like a bar of lead, sinking out of sight. A few seconds later the Professor spouted water like a porpoise four rods away.

Passing steamers lashed the water into angry waves. The handicapped swimmer kept steadily on, and the interest increased to fever heat. The shores on both sides were black with spectators. Many boats put out from the docks, and a small fleet acted as the swimmer's escort when he entered the basin at Arbuttle's dock, Brooklyn. The police boat was still eighty rods away, one of the oarsmen having in his feverish excitement dropped his oar overboard.

The minute the swimmer touched the Brooklyn dock he was hauled aboard the tug. A half hundred whistles were sounded from tugs and factories, while 10,000 people yelled themselves hoarse. It was found that the shrinkage of the cords in the water had cut deeply into Butler's flesh and he must have suffered terribly, though he declared that he was no more exhausted than after an ordinary swim. He said that at one time in the rough waves which engulfed him he came very near choking, as he was under water at times for several minutes. When his head touched the Long Island shore the referee's watch indicated 7:06 o'clock. The distance swam over, according to the captain of the tug, was a little more than a mile.

## THE ALERT HOSE CO., OF SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

[With Portraits.]

On May 14 the running team of the Alert Hose Co., of Santa Cruz, Cal., made the fastest time on record at the State tournament, held in San Jose, Cal., winning first prize of \$500 and diamond belt valued at \$500. Time, 1 minute 11 seconds, with twenty pounds water pressure. The conditions were as follows: Distance from starting point to hydrant, 300 yards; lay 300 feet of hose, uncoupled and screw on pipe, time to be taken when water leaves pipe; center of reel to be starting line, cart to weigh 1,000 pounds; all couplings to be screwed up three full threads, 2½-inch pipe. Team not to exceed twelve men; no professional runner allowed to run; three seconds added for all leaks. This is the hose team.

## A GOOD FAMILY.

[Subject of Illustrations.]

There is in the city of Americus, Ga., a family of eight persons whose combined weight is 1,365 pounds. The lightest weighs 44, and there are two others weighing 124 and 141 pounds. The average weight of the eight persons is 170½ pounds, and taking off the three "light weights," the other five weigh 1,054 pounds, or an average of 210 4/5 pounds. This is pretty good showing for one family, and every member of it is in good health and able for duty.

## FIENDS PURSUING THE GODDESS OF SLEEP.

The poetic imagery of Grecian mythology applied to this practical age, would picture the air filled with the grinning fiends of care, anxiety, worry, pride, ambition, and myriads more, persistently chasing the gentle goddess of sleep from her holy vocation of wooing weary eyelids to the soft arms of unconscious repose, and maliciously frustrating all her efforts by operating the Pandemonium of Insomnia through shattered nerves and wrecked physical powers. Then the sweet goddess would wave her wand and summon the Hercules of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY to her aid, and utterly route the hostile furies, by furnishing all under its protectingegis the recuperative strength to triumphantly defy all attacks while waving the victorious banner of rosy health over the unsalable fortress of each individual life. And all this would not be fancy, but actual fact. At all reliable grocers and druggists.

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Yours, &c.,  
CONTINENTAL NOVELTY CO.

Office of the firm of  
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Manufacturers of Soda-Water Apparatus,  
First Avenue, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Sts.  
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Mr. Richard K. Fox:  
DEAR SIR:—Our advertisement was productive of numerous inquiries. We are convinced that your journal is a valuable medium for those trades which appeal direct to the consumer. Yours truly,  
THE FIRM OF JOHN MATTHEWS,  
FEZANDIE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1885.

R. K. Fox, Esq.:  
I regard the POLICE GAZETTE as the best advertising medium I have ever tried. I received over 300 orders in response to an advertisement which you printed one time last winter. Very respectfully, &c.,  
JEFFERSON COX,  
55 L street.

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AGENTS WANTED For the popular Democratic Souvenir "Victory and Reform." On plate paper, 22x28 inches; perfect, elegant portraits of President CLEVELAND, Vice-President HENDRICKS, Jefferson, Tilden and McClellan. RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. Sample copy safely mailed to intending agents on receipt of 25c in stamps, postal note, or coin of any nation; to others for 50c. 25¢, or 75¢. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address SOUVENIR PUBLISHING CO., 41 Park Row, N. Y. (Recommended by this paper.)

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**Lives of the Poisoners.** The New York Tombs.

**The Bandits of the West.** Mabelle Unmasked.

**Folly's Queens.** Hush Money; or, The Murder in the Air.

**New York by Day and Night.** Guitaun's Crime.

**The Assassin's Doom.** The Crime Avenged.

**Paris Inside Out.** The Mysteries of Mormonism.

Any of the above mailed on receipt of 30c.

**The Betting Man's Guide.** Life of Joe Collins (Tug Wilson).

**Avenging Ireland's Wrongs.** Glimpses of Gotham.

**The Heenan and Sayers Prize Fight.** By mail, 25c.

Be sure to write your name and post-office address plainly. Sums under one dollar can be forwarded in one-cent postage-stamps. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

## IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.  
Reading Notices..... 200 "  
Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

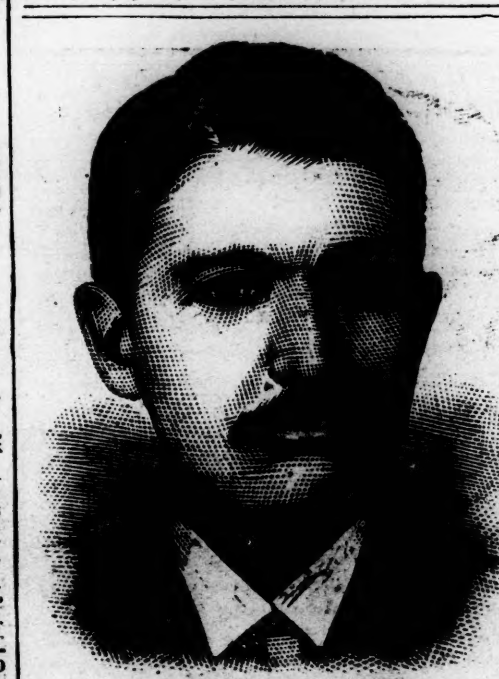
ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

## REWARDS.



## \$300 REWARD

for the arrest and delivery to Sheriff of Lawrence Co., Mo., of JACOB M. MILLER, charged with embezzlement, height, 5 ft. 6 or 7 in.; weight, 160 lbs.; fair skin, full face, mustache, light hair inclined to dark; quick speech and motion; talks and acts when excited; about 26 or 28 years old. H. W. WILKS, W. E. WILKS and John C. WILKS, of Verona, Mo.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

John Wood, 308 Bowery, New York, can furnish Photographs from life of all the champions and well-known sporting men, including Richard K. Fox, John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Dominick McCreary, Mike Cleary, Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Jack Kilrain, Alf. Greenfield, Jack Dempsey, La Blanche, the Marine, and 400 other champions of all athletic sports. Send for catalogue to J. Wood, 308 Bowery, New York.

**GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS,** Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot, in sets of 3, sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. Rubber safes for gentlemen, \$5 per dozen; 6 for \$2.50. W. H. REED, 38 Nassau St., N. Y.

**TOO FUNNY** For Anything. 15 Spirited and Complete all sorts of Antics. By mail 25 Cents. Address WALKER & CO., Brooklyn, New York.

**20 Spicy Photos** from Nature (new), 10c. (silver). Secured. AGEE CARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.

**PHOTOS** (Cabinet) of 100 "Rare Stage Beauties," 25c. in stamps. W. H. REED, Detroit, Mich.

**RICH Little Sims.** Pretty Snappers 5 Photos, 20 cts. Address, Box 58, East Cleveland, O.

**Old-Time French Photos** of Females from life. R. H. 25c.; 5, \$1; sealed. Box 700, Plainfield, N. J.

**25 Genuine French Photos** (Cabinet); taken from nature, \$1. W. H. REED, Detroit, Mich.

## SPORTING RESORTS.

**The Irish Giant's Sporting House,** 108 Bowery, New York. Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, proprietor. A great show every night. All the Irish champion pugilists and athletes will appear. Seating capacity for 500. Hall well ventilated. Admission free.

**Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre,** 26 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

**Patay Hogan's Varieties and Sporting House** leads the Pacific Coast, 835 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CARDS.

**Hush!** You can get them. For gents only. Full pack 53 Genuine French Imported Transparent Cards, male and female, "old-timers," sealed, by mail, 50c. per pack (price reduced). Send stamps or postal note. R. H. Photograph, French, taken from life, free with every order. IMPORTING COMPANY, Box 1294, Oswego, N. Y.

**Poker!**—If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN & Co., Salem, N. H.

**Bath House Cards.** Don't open. Rich. 25 for 30c. LEW H. ANDERSON, Pub., Chicago, Ill.

## NEWSDEALERS.

**Advance Australia.**—Henry Warburton, General Store-keeper, Bookseller, News Agent for Books and Newspapers printed in England, America, India, China, Cape Town, Africa, Sydney, New South Wales, Melbourne, Victoria, Adelaide, South Australia; Perth, Western Australia; Normanton, Gulf Carpentaria, Queensland; New Zealand, Tasmania, and Jamaica, West Indies. Address H. WARBURTON, Excelsior News Agency, House, Lansborough street, First Avenue, third street on the Broadway, Normanton P. O. Post office: Gulf Carpentaria, Queensland, Australia.





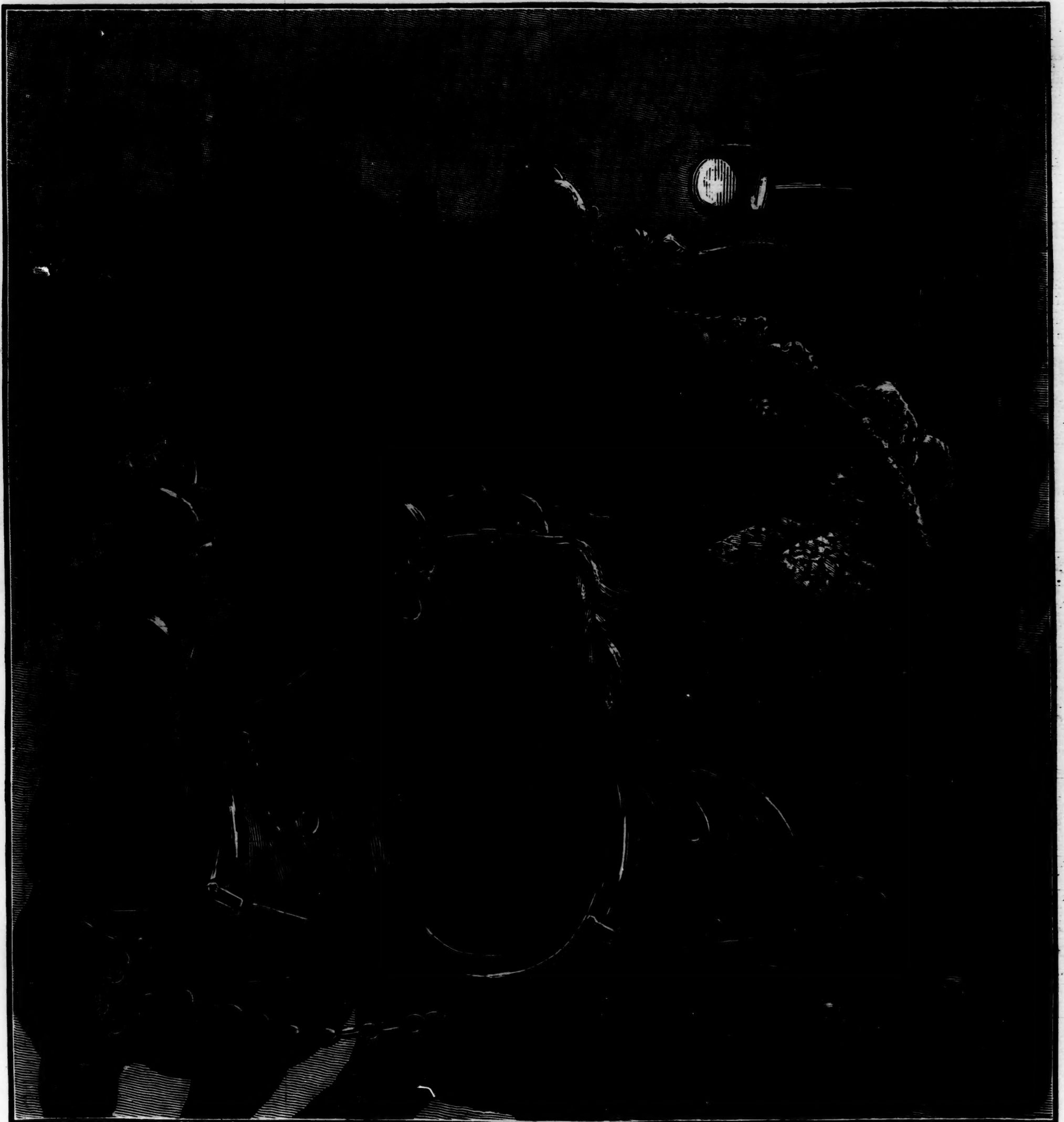
A FIFTEEN-INCH SHOE.

THE KIND OF FOOTGEAR WORN BY TEAMSTER H. D. KIMBALL OF LITTLETON, MASS.



A FAT FAMILY.

EIGHT WELL DEVELOPED AND COMFORTABLY NOURISHED RESIDENTS OF AMERICUS, GA.



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